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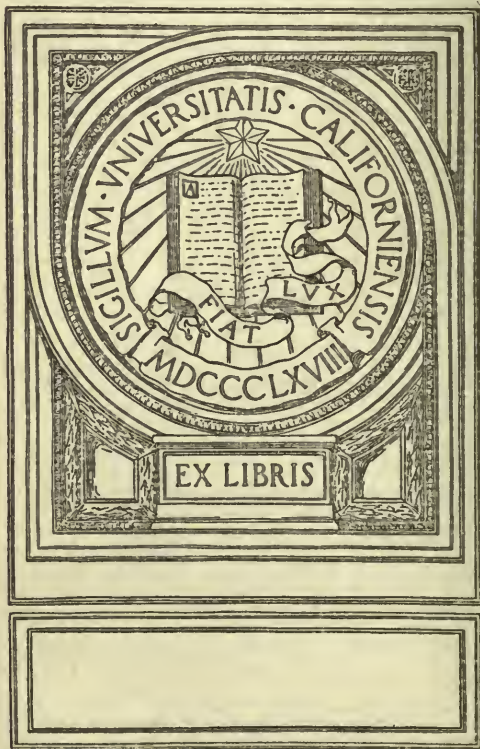


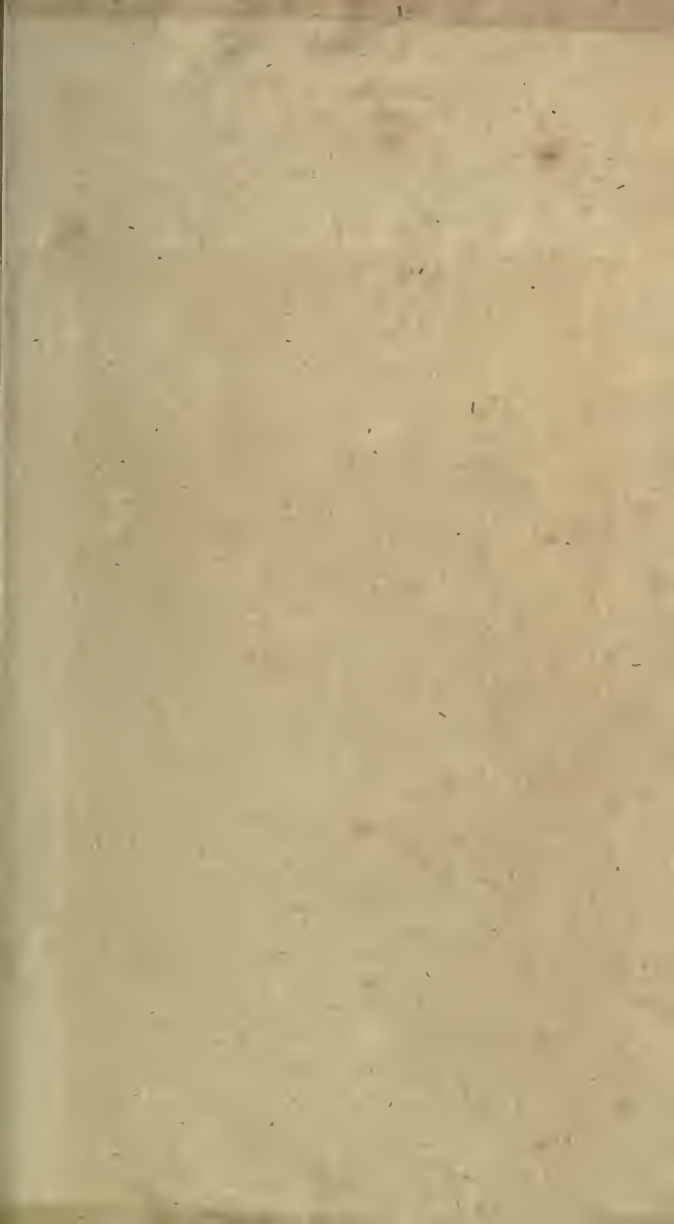
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W. S. Y. L. U. W.

1884

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

1884

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE

COLLECTOR OF THE

1884

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

REPORT OF THE

1884

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
2. introduction of the subject, and to a statement of the
3. objects of the present investigation. It is shown that the
4. problem is of great importance, and that it has not
5. been hitherto completely solved. The author then
6. proceeds to a detailed examination of the various
7. cases, and to a discussion of the results. It is
8. found that the problem is more complicated than
9. it at first appears, and that a more thorough
10. investigation is required. The author then
11. presents a series of experiments, and discusses the
12. results. It is shown that the results are in
13. good agreement with the theoretical predictions.
14. The author then concludes the paper with a
15. summary of the results, and a statement of the
16. conclusions. It is shown that the problem is
17. more complicated than it at first appears, and
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24. of the conclusions. It is shown that the problem
25. is more complicated than it at first appears, and
26. that a more thorough investigation is required.

A N
A S Y L U M
F O R
F U G I T I V E P I E C E S.

LEFT IN THE CHAIR IN THE GARDEN AT DRAKE-
LOW, THE SEAT OF SIR N. B. GRESLEY, BART.
THE AUTHOR HAVING SPENT A FEW WEEKS AT
HIS HOUSE.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

W H E N next, ye naiads, to this blest retreat,
Where Drakelow's genius fix'd her ancient seat,
Your steps resort, to Gresley's ear convey
This grateful strain, that *friendship* burns to pay.
On that fair altar let the muse impart
The sweet, the sacred incense of the heart,
Whose odours with unfading fragrance rise,
To virtue dear, delightful to the skies.

Here as I sit, and muse o'er all the scene,
 These founts of silver, and these shades of green,
 The mighty owner fills the poet's mind :—
 His free-born spirit breathes in every wind :
 His ample bounty, blessing every vale,
 Flows to mankind—nor shall the blessing fail.
 As Plenty's hand the full abundance pours,
 Peace guides his flocks, and Honour guards his bowers ;
 The rural graces at his gate attend,
 And welcome with a smile th'approaching friend.
 Prompt at his call, around his table stand
 Mirth's social household Gods, a smiling band.
 Blithe *Hospitality*, a blooming Lar,
 Leads the gay train, and shines the British star.
 Shaking ambrosial odours from his wings,
Festivity the sumptuous banquet brings,
 The Ganymede that waits on Drakelow's Lord,
 Nor Jove's own feasts a brighter guest afford.
 And see yon rosy, yellow-tressed boy,
 His head with chaplets crown'd, light-hearted *Joy*,
 In large libations pours the gen'rous bowl,
 That speaks the greatness of its master's soul.

These, Gresley, are thine own.—O might the muse,
 As her rapt fancy the fond theme pursues,
 Tell all thy worth, and to the world proclaim
 The graceful lustre of her Gresley's name :
 Mark the strong vigor of thy manly mind,
 With spirit elegant, with force refin'd ;

Through

Through each hereditary virtue run,
 The father's worth reflected in the son ;—
 This song should last ; nor wholly vain should flow
 Th' impassion'd verse, that friendship taught to glow.

And thou, O Trent, whose liquid treasures lave
 These happy walls, with many a lingering wave,
 As loth like me to part, like me to go,
 Let the lov'd partner of his fortunes know,
 Not the calm mirror of thy crystal streams
 So placid smiles, or so serenely beams,
 As her mild brow, where TEMPER 'thron'd a grace,
 Smoothes the fair heaven, that lights her cloudless face.
 Clear as thy flood that silent steals along,
 Flows her deep sense, as lucid and as strong,
 And thy curl'd bosom, glittering in the sun,
 When noon's bright rays in dancing splendors run,
 But half the lustre of her wit displays,
 Her wit, that beams with undiminish'd rays.
 Nor these alone could animate the bard,
 Did not the muse superior claims regard ;
 Th' obliging friend, solicitous to please
 With cheerful grace, and hospitable ease ;
 The wife, that wins by each endearing art,
 That holds the strong dominion of the heart ;
 The mother, watchful of her infant care,
 Their pains, their pleasures fond alike to share.
 Of these the grateful muse delights to tell,
 Whose faltering voice scarce speaks the sad Farewell.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A ROSE-BUD.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bud, to Myra's bosom go,
And live beneath her eye ;
There in the fun of beauty blow,
Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year,
Whose dawning beauties speak
The budding blush of summer near,
The summer on her cheek.

Best emblem of the maid I love,
Resembling beauty's morn,
To Myra's bosom haste and prove
One rose without a thorn.

TO A LADY, WITH A ROSE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Venus first from Ocean sprung,
Exulting Earth with rapture rung,
And gave, on that delightful morn,
The Rose—for Beauty then was born.

The

The blooming stranger Venus views,
 Its balmy blush, and sun-bright hues ;
 Marks the green fence that guards it round,
 For not one thorn as yet was found ;
 Then kifs'd—th' impassion'd Rose receives
 A warmer grace thro' all the leaves :
 In nectar, now, she bath'd the bud,
 Now plung'd it in the purple flood—
 Instant the finish'd wonder grows
 The flower of Love, and Beauty's Rose.

To Paphos then she bore the flower,
 And laid it in her fav'rite bower,
 Each morn a purer blush prepar'd,
 Each night its faded rays repair'd ;
 And many a night, and many a morn,
 Assiduous pluck'd the teeming thorn,
 Breath'd on the leaves a deeper dye,
 And newer sweets her balms supply.

Then to the god that wields the bow,
 Which lays the strong and mighty low,
 The fragrant charge she gave, and spread
 Its blushing honours, whilst she said,
 “ With this to Britain's isle repair—
 “ Those wings shall waft thee quickly there ;
 “ When proud Augusta thou shalt see,
 “ Rising in clouded majesty,
 “ Some idle poet should'st thou meet,
 “ In Park, in play-house, church, or street,

" Let him his softest song employ,
 " To hymn this happy child of joy ;
 " And charge him, as he hopes to gain
 " One smile of mine, one favour'd strain,
 " To celebrate the Rose, and sing
 " This matchless marvel of the spring ;
 " The brightest emblem of our flames,
 " That Beauty loves, that Beauty claims,
 " That Love's own hand delights to rear,
 " And Delia best deserves to wear."

DR. HALLEY'S REPLY TO ABP. KING.

BY THE SAME.

WITH age exhausted, and his vigor fled,
 Says King to Hally, " I've a mind to wed :"
 Arch Halley answered, with sarcastic face,
 " I hope you'll make me *chaplain* to your Grace."

J E K Y L L :

A POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

miserabile Carmen

Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.—VIRGIL.

J E K Y L L, the wag of law, the scribbler's pride,
 Came to the senate sent—when Townshend died.
 So Lansdown will'd :—the old hoarse rook at rest,
 A jackdaw-phoenix chatters from his nest.

Statef-

Statesman, and lawyer now, with clashing cares,
 Th' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares ;
 Yet stays his step, where, with congenial play,
 The well-known fountain babbles day by day :
 The little fountain !—whose restricted course,
 In low, faint essays owns its shallow source.
 There, to the tinkling jet he tun'd his tongue,
 While Lansdown's fame, and Lansdown's fall he sung.
 “ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew
 “ Of felon whigs—great Lansdown's pow'r o'er-
 threw ?
 “ For neither then, within St. Stephen's wall
 “ Obedient Westcote hail'd the 'Treasury-call ;
 “ Nor treachery then had branded Eden's fame,
 “ Or taught mankind the miscreant Minchin's name.
 “ Joyful no more (tho' Tommy spoke so long)
 “ Was high-born Howard's cry, or Powney's prat-
 tling tongue.
 “ Vain was thy roar, Mahon !—tho' loud and deep ;
 “ Not our own Gilbert could be rous'd from sleep.
 “ No bargain yet, the tribe of Phipps had made :
 “ Lansdown ! you fought in vain ev'n Mulgrave's.
 aid ;
 “ Mulgrave—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprise,
 “ The *speechless* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.
 “ Ah ! hapless day ! still, as thy hours return,
 “ Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn !

“ Each quack and sympathizing juggler groan,
 “ While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan.
 “ Oh! much-lov’d peer! — my patron! — model! —
 “ friend!

“ How does thy alter’d state my bosom rend.
 “ Alas! the ways of courts are strange and dark!
 “ Pitt scarce would make thee now — a Treasury-
 “ clerk!”

Stung with the maddening thought, his griefs, his
 fears

Diffolve the plaintive councillor in tears.

“ How oft,” he cries, “ has wretched Lansdown said;
 “ *Curs’d be the toilsome hours by statesmen led!*
 “ *Oh! had kind heaven ordain’d my humbler fate*
 “ *A country gentleman’s — of small estate —*
 “ *With Price and Priestley, in some distant grove,*
 “ *Blest, I had led the lowly life I love.*
 “ *Thou, Price! had deign’d to calculate my flocks!*
 “ *Thou, Priestley! sav’d them from the lightning shocks!*
 “ *Unknown the storms and tempests of the state —*
 “ *Unfelt the mean ambition to be great; —*
 “ *In Bowood’s shade had past my peaceful days,*
 “ *Far from the town and its delusive ways;*
 “ *The crystal brook my bev’rage — and my food*
 “ *Hips, cornels, haws, and berries of the wood.”*
 “ Blest peer! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow!
 “ Thou Cincinnatus of the British plough!

“ But,

“ But, rouse again thy talents and thy zeal !

“ Thy Sovereign, sure, must wish thee *Privy-seal*.

“ Or what if from the seals thou art debarr’d ?

“ Chandos, at least, he might for *thee* discard.

“ Come, Lansdown ! come—thy life, no more thy own,

“ Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :

“ For Britain’s sake, the weight of greatness bear,

“ And suffer honors thou art doom’d to wear.”

To *thee* her Princess, lo ! where India sends,

All Benfield’s here—and there all Hastings’ friends ;

Macpherson—Wraxall—Sullivan—behold !

Call,—Barwell—Middleton—with heaps of gold !

Rajahs—Nabobs—from Oude—Tanjore—Arcot—

And see !—(nor, oh ! disdain him !) Major Scot.

Ah ! give the Major but one gracious Nod :

Ev’n Pitt himself once deign’d to court the squad.

“ Oh ! be it *theirs*, with more than patriot heat,

“ To snatch thy virtues from their lov’d retreat

“ Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,

“ And make thee minister—Oh ! God!—but when !”

Thus mourn’d the youth—’till, sunk in pensive grief,

He woo’d his handkerchief for soft relief.

In either pocket either hand he threw ;

When, lo !—from each, a precious tablet flew.

This,—his sage patron’s wond’rous speech on trade :

This,—his own book of sarcasms ready made.

Tremendous book !—thou motley Magazine

Of stale severities, and pilfer’d spleen !

Oh! rich in ill!—within thy leaves entwin'd,
 What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind.
 Satire's *Museum*!—with Sir Ashton's lore,
 The naturalist of malice eyes thy store:
 Ranging, with fell Virtû; his poisonous tribes
 Of embryo sneers, and animalcule gibes.
 Here insect puns their feeble wings expand,
 To speed, in little flights, their lord's command:
 There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees
 Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees.
 In modern spirits ancient wit he sleeps;
 If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps:
 Thy quaintness, Dunning! but without thy sense;
 And just enough of B——t, for offence.
 On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw:
 But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue.
 Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er Lansdown's speech.
 Then, loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words
 That charm'd the “ noble natures” of the lords.

“ *Lost and obscur'd in Bowood's humble bow'r,*

“ *No party tool—no candidate for pow'r—*

“ *I come, my lords! an hermit from my cell,*

“ *A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.*

“ *Highly I praise your late commercial plan;*

“ *Kingdoms should all unite—like man and man.*

“ *The French love peace—ambition they detest:*

“ *But Cherburg's frightful works deny me rest.*

- " *With joy I see new wealth for Britain shipp'd.*
 " *Lisbon's a froward child, and should be whipp'd.*
 " *Yet Portugal's our old and best ally,*
 " *And Gallic faith is but a slender tie.*
 " *My lords ! the manufacturer's a fool ;*
 " *The clothier, too, knows nothing about wool :*
 " *Their interests still demand our constant care ;*
 " *Their griefs are mine---their fears are my despair.*
 " *My lords ! my soul is big with dire alarms ;*
 " *Turks, Germans, Russians, Prussians, all in arms !*
 " *A noble Pole (I'm proud to call him friend !)*
 " *Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend.*
 " *Your lordships' hairs would stand on end to hear*
 " *My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.*
 " *The fears of Dantzick-merchants can't be told ;*
 " *Accounts from Cracow make my blood run cold.*
 " *The state of Portsmouth, and of Plymouth Docks,*
 " *Your Trade---your Taxes---Army---Navy---Stocks---*
 " *All haunt me in my dreams ; and, when I rise,*
 " *The Bank of England scares my open eyes.*
 " *I see---I know some dreadful storm is brewing ;*
 " *Arm all your coasts---your Navy is your ruin.*
 " *I say it still ; but (let me be believ'd)*
 " *In this your lordships have been much deceiv'd.*
 " *A noble Duke affirms, I like his plan :*
 " *I never did, my lords !---I never can---*
 " *Shame on the slanderous breath ! which dares insill*
 " *That I, who now condemn, advis'd the ill.*

“ Plain words, *thank Heav’n!* are always understood:

“ I could approve, I said---but not I would.

“ *Anxious to make the noble Duke content,*

“ *My view was just to seem to give consent,*

“ *While all the world might see that nothing less was*
“ meant.” }

While Jekyll thus, the rich exhaustless store
 Of Lansdown’s rhetoric ponders o’er and o’er;
 And, rapt in happier dreams of future days,
 His patron’s triumphs in his own surveys;
 Admiring barristers in crowds resort
 From Figtree----Brick----Hare----Pump----and Garden
 Court.

Anxious they gaze---and watch with silent awe
 The motley son of politics and law.

Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows,
 He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

“ Thanks, generous friends,” he cries, “ kind Tem-
 plers, thanks!

“ Tho’ now, with Lansdown’s band, your Jekyll ranks,

“ Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares;

“ Still---still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* shares.”

But, see! the shades of night o’erspread the skies!
 Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.

Far different hopes our separate toils inspire:

To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.

With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown,

Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown:

Brood

Brood o'er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,
 And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.
 Me, all unpractis'd in the bashful mood,
 Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude.
 Yes, *modest* Eloquence ! ev'n *I* must court
 For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support.
 Oh ! would'st thou lend the semblance of my charms !
 Feign'd agitations, and assum'd alarms ;
 'Twere all I'd ask :---but for one day alone
 To ape thy downcast look---thy suppliant tone :
 To pause---and bow with hesitating grace---
 Here try to falter---there a word misplace :
 Long-banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,
 And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*.

“ Plain words, *thank Heav’n!* are always understood:

“ *I could approve, I said---but not I would.*

“ *Anxious to make the noble Duke content,*

“ *My view was just to seem to give consent,*

“ *While all the world might see that nothing less was*

“ *meant.*”

While Jekyll thus, the rich exhaustless store
Of Lansdown’s rhetoric ponders o’er and o’er;
And, rapt in happier dreams of future days,
His patron’s triumphs in his own surveys;
Admiring barristers in crowds resort
From Figtree----Brick----Hare----Pump----and Garden
Court.

Anxious they gaze---and watch with silent awe
The motley son of politics and law.
Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows,
He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

“ Thanks, generous friends,” he cries, “ kind Tem-
plers, thanks!

“ Tho’ now, with Lansdown’s band, your Jekyll ranks,

“ Think not, he wholly quits *black-letter* cares;

“ Still---still the *lawyer* with the *statesman* squares.”

But, see! the shades of night o’erspread the skies!
Thick fogs and vapours from the Thames arise.
Far different hopes our separate toils inspire:
To *parchment* you, and *precedent* retire.
With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown,
Adjust your brows for the *demurring* frown:

Brood

Brood o'er the fierce *rebutters* of the bar,
 And brave the *issue* of the gowned war.
 Me, all unpractis'd in the basifful mood,
 Strange, novice thoughts, and alien cares delude.
 Yes, *modest* Eloquence ! ev'n *I* must court
 For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support.
 Oh ! would'st thou lend the semblance of my charms !
 Feign'd agitations, and assum'd alarms ;
 'Twere all I'd ask :---but for one day alone
 To ape thy downcast look---thy suppliant tone :
 To pause---and bow with hesitating grace---
 Here try to falter---there a word misplace :
 Long-banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,
 And act the miseries of a *maiden speech*.

Drury Lane, Nov. 11.

Dear WILD,

By particular desire, our Vestal is not transferable, but we have a spare Venus and duplicate Juno's ; so send a hackney-coach for which-ever suits you.—The scheme for *Smith* won't do—but change your Play to any thing ; for we'll tack *The Camp* to *The School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

Thoroughly your's,

HOPKINS.

Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

My dear Fellow,

Here's the Devil to do about our Tuesday's Pantomime—the blacksmith can't repair our great Serpent till Friday, and the old Camel that we thought quite sound has broke down at rehearsal, so pray send us your Elephant by the bearer, and a small Tyger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing Shepherds for that night ; for though I see you'll want them for *Highwaymen* in the *Beggar's Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.

For ever completely your's,

WILD.

Drury

Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

Dear WILD,

I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the Shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too, that as we don't use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our Soldiers for *Bosworth Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for *Cox-beath*.

Totally your's,

HOPKINS.

Lend me a *Cupid*—mine has got the measles.

Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

Dear HOPKINS,

Thank you for *Henderson* and the Soldiers—do let them bring their helmets, for our's are tinning.—The bearer is our *Cupid*, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuinely your's,

WILD.

ON THE APPROACHING DISSOLUTION OF A VERY
PLEASANT PARTY AT REDLYNCH,
FEB. 21, 1784.

BY THE EARL OF ILCHESTER.

THE time draws nigh, when dearest friends must part,
Howe'er repugnant to the social heart ;
Leave the dear circle of a friendly fire,
Where ease and freedom join'd, gay thoughts inspire.
There no restraint the mind controuls, no dread
That words once utter'd, would be best unsaid :
But each incline the way his humour leads,
And crack the joke that sportive fancy breeds ;
Without reserve shall sing, shall chat, shall laugh,
And drink plain water, or Madeira quaff ;
Each pass the morn the way he best may hit,
In riding, walking, or at sober whist ;
And should not books their wonted pleasure yield,
Inclin'd to active sports, may take the field.
Adieu then, all the pleasant walks we've ta'en
To Shipton, Godminster, and Dropping Lane !
No more the woods their sylvan dames shall boast,
But mourn in hollow sounds their beauties lost !
No fair protectress, by her nod to spare
The painted pheasant, or the timid hare,
Shall there be found, alike they now must run
The direful chance of the remorseless gun !

Adieu

Adieu then, Commerce ! and Adieu, Picquet !
 Adieu the frolics of our lively set !
 No more the winged lark, to please the fair,
 With rapid strokes shall cut the liquid air,
 No longer shall from hand to hand rebound,
 Nor echo double the repeated sound :
 No merry ev'nings will there now be seen,
 No supper Bychin * close the midnight scene ;
 Then why we part I can no reason give,
 Friends thus united could for ever live :
 Nor should you find your host could wish your stay
 Were shorten'd even by a single day :
 But since fate bids that we so soon must part,
 Take the effusions of a grateful heart,
 Take all I have, 'tis thanks, and first they're due
 To † Harriet, Marg'ret, and to little Lu,
 My friend the ‡ Vice and all the little tribe
 Of prattlers here, whom thus I shall describe ;
 As Toby, Charles, Miss Lilly, skinny she,
 The lively Kate, stout Mustapha and Fee ! §
 To you too Mrs. Charles || my thanks belong,
 And eke your social spouse shall share my song ;

* A Welch term for a second supper late in the night.

† Lady Harriet Acland and Lady Lucy Digby, sisters of Lord Ilchester.

‡ Hon. Stephen Digby, brother to Lord Digby, and Vice Chamberlain to the Queen.

§ Children of Lady Harriet's and Lady Lucy's.

|| Hon. Mrs. C. Digby.

What tho' you chide in so severe a stile,
 You wear no angry face without a smile.
 What tho' this, Campbell, be your first essay,
 To visit Redlynch, yet your friendly stay,
 My muse shall praise; she shall alike lament,
 Your course so soon is to the northward bent:
 Yet still I trust that you who've gone so far,
 To brave the dangers of a fatal war,
 Gone miles by thousands England's broils to end,
 Will think but light of hundreds for a friend.
 Your absence, * Col'nel, give not so much fear,
 Your home to Redlynch is so very near;
 For public good you work with double hand,
 Now wield the truncheon, and now till the land,
 And tho' you seek the military plain,
 Your farm is sure to bring you back again.
 Th' Oxonian Charles † whene'er his term is o'er,
 Thinks of his College and his gown no more;
 Flies to the west, impatient to pursue
 Those sports, which many hapless ducks shall rue;
 And with quaint sayings which can no one hurt,
 His mirth shall please, his gravity divert,
 Nor shall those friends who live in Discove lot, ‡
 In this poor verse be totally forgot;

* Lieut. Col. Strangways, his Lordship's next brother, a great farmer.

† Hon. Ch. Strangways, his Lordship's third brother.

‡ A cottage close to the park, fitted up by his Lordship's mother, and where she passes every Christmas.

No, 'tis a comfort they reside so near,
 And health continues with each growing year !
 Still it remains sincerely to regret,
 That O * and Susan had not join'd our set ;
 She, whose good sense is ever shewn ; with ease,
 With judgement sound, and manners form'd to please :
 And he, whose lively talents always shine,
 Who blends so much good humour with his wine,
 Whose fertile fancy, and whose sprightly wit,
 Alike the taste of ev'ry party hit.
 Oh ! had Hygeia smil'd he had been there,
 May then Hygeia smile, shall be my pray'r !
 We part, and all to diff'rent spots resort,
 Lu seeks the town, the Vice the splendid Court ;
 † You too, your children with maternal care
 T' improve, the chilling winds regardless dare,
 For them you fly from Pixton's distant parts,
 To seek the seats of the politer arts ;
 And you, so sure to be eclips'd by none,
 Dare meet the beauties of the Polygon,
 Yet trust, my Mary, ‡ of these friends bereft,
 We still shall find a lasting comfort left ;
 Look round and view the circle at your feet,
 The lively blessings of our calm retreat :

* Wm. O'Brien, Esq. barrister at law, married to Lady Susan, his Lordship's eldest sister.

† Lady Harriet Acland.

‡ Countess of Ilchester.

These

These with their merry tales shall life beguile,
 And keep it fleeting in perpetual smile.
 Once more adieu ! and hear a faithful friend,
 May health and happiness your steps attend !
 And promise *all* to grant this last my pray'r,
 Thus to revisit Redlynch ev'ry year !

*Written in Hatfield, the 16th of July, 1783, on seeing the
 Horses belonging to the Countess of Salisbury run off with
 the Carriage, the Moment her Ladyship quitted it, but
 stopped immediately on her Approach.*

WHEN the enchanting Cecil drove
 The car of Beauty, crown'd with Love,
 The Sun's vicegerent here,
 With conscious pride, her gen'rous steeds
 Flew with her o'er th' enamel'd meads,
 Proud so much worth to bear !

No sooner had the fair withdrawn
 From her mild reign, than o'er the lawn
 The forrowing courfers ran !
 Thro' rosy bower, thro' woodbine shade,
 Sequester'd gloom, and opening glade,
 They scorn'd the voice of man !

'Twas thus when Phæton rul'd the skies,
 Th' astonish'd world with vast surprise
 Beheld the ambitious boy.

With

With horror struck, mankind then saw
Great Nature starting from her law ;
This hapless globe destroy !

At last bright Sol resum'd his sway,
Restor'd the world to perfect day,
With gladness Nature crown'd !
So when sweet Salisbury appear'd,
Her well-known voice with joy they heard,
Her sway with transport own'd !

J. T——LL.

The following lines are the substance of a conversation between the Hon. Henry Erskine and a certain northern Duchess, not more distinguished by her beauty than her wit and happy talent at repartee, in which also it is well known the honourable gentleman is peculiarly eminent. The thought was almost instantly turned into rhyme by the Author of the Cave of Morar.*

WHY don't your Grace, said *Erskine*, still reside
With us, in *George's Square*, our joy and pride ?
Won't you return ? No, no, reply'd her Grace,
I do not like it—'tis a vile dull place.
That is, quoth he, as if the Sun should say,
“ A vile dark morning this—I will not rise to-day.”
Sept. 16, 1786.

* Duchess of Gordon.

HOMERIC ANECDOTE,

WITH SOME VERSES SUBJOINED.

BY WM. J. BAKER, ESQ.

AT Doctor J—ph—n's, in the north of Ireland, one of his sons happened to be engaged in reading a portion of Homer's Iliad for a college examination. Having met with a very minute enumeration of the articles of Juno's dress, as mentioned on the occasion of her project to surprise and charm Jupiter, the student with a view to help his memory, took down on a slip of paper the several ornaments of the Goddess as they occurred.

Some little time after Mrs. J—ph—n had occasion, as was often the case, to send to Raphoe, a neighbouring town for some household necessaries—the memorandum above-mentioned happening to lye in her way, and resembling one she had written herself on the occasion, it was given to the messenger, with strict charge to procure every article it contained.—This injunction was by no means thrown away on the faithful Mercury, inasmuch as he spent the greatest part of the day (quite unaccountably to Mrs. J—n) in search of the various and uncommon articles necessary to please the toilet of the Queen of the skies, who, we may easily suppose, from her general anxiety on the subject of her personal attractions, but more particularly from the spur of the occasion, had

herself

herself spared neither pains nor expence in this pursuit. The milliners and haberdashers were, as may be well-believed, taken a little out of their *sphere*; yet what with their desire to please, and the determined diligence of the messenger, the articles in the memorandum, with scarcely any exception, were brought home as good as the town could afford them. This *malentendu*, in a classical family, very naturally, was thought to make ample amends by its diverting singularity, for any little disappointment in the house-keeping way. This circumstance was told me by John J—n, who was a witness of it; and he added, that when I next conversed with Apollo or the Muses, I should do well to transmit through them, this interesting intelligence to the goddesses in question. My answer in the following lines may come in here not improperly in the way of epilogue:

So, it seems you're surpriz'd any creature should go
 To seek Juno's attire at the town of Raphoe,
 But the matter to me appears quite a plain case,
 For a * Venus of late you know liv'd at the place;
 And wherever she chuses to fix her abode,
 'Tis no wonder that dress should be well understood.
 I've no time of late the coy muses to follow,
 And little or nothing to do with Apollo;

* Mrs. P——t, then newly married.

But can tell you that, in about *nine months* or so,
 Madame * Juno sets out on a trip to Raphoe,
 And the things may be sent to the heavenly dame,
 If you find that the fashion continues the same.

VERSES TO J. L—T—E, ESQ.

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PASSAGE FROM
 DUBLIN TO HOLYHEAD.

BY W. J. BAKER.

Holyhead, Dec. 10, 1788.

I RETIRE for an hour ere the passengers dine,
 On my fortunate voyage to write you a line,
 That I waited so long I have cause to be glad,
 For a pleasanter passage I never yet had.
 'Twas about twelve last night when I crept into bed,
 And at waking I found myself just at the head.
 Ten hours in the whole brought us all safe to shore,
 In conscience how could we have wish'd any more!

No tossing, nor tumbling, nor nausea was felt,
 No groanings were heard, and no odours were smelt,
 No ladies annoy'd us with fearful suggestions,
 No stew'rd was tormented with numberless questions;
 No basons were screech'd for with hideous impatience,
 No whining disturb'd us, nor loud imprecations,

* Juno Lucina.

No clatter on deck, nor *stridorque rudentum*,
 No flapping of sails as if thunder had rent 'em,
 With a steady northwest we kept right a head steering,
 And the * Herring pond cross'd without tacking or veer-
 ing.

So the stores which your good-natur'd care had provided,
 'Mongst the voracious sailors at morn were divided ;
 And first the roast pullets afforded them sport,
 And next they fell foul of your excellent port ;
 The fixpenny loaf into pieces was cut,
 And each made its way to some ravenous gut.
 Aboard were some people whom *nobody knows*,
 No *gens comme il faut*, neither ladies nor beaux,
 The † Bishop I found here on coming ashore,
 Lord S—n—r—n set out some minutes before.
 The first was a day more at sea than your humble,
 The latter ten hours, so I have no right to grumble.
 His Majesty's yacht, and four packets beside,
 Came in hot and hot in the last but one tide.
 The chaises draw up for the trunks to be tied on,
 For two lusty reasons, I hope for a wide one.
 The spatchcocks and beef-stakes now claim my attention,
 Dear Sir, I'm more your's than I've now time to men-
 tion.

* A polite term for the Irish channel.

† Of C—f—t.

I N S C R I P T I O N,

FOR MRS. L.'S COTTAGE at H——N.

BY W. J. BAKER.

THIS humble and modest retreat,
 Where Peace and Simplicity dwell,
 A few artless verses shall greet,
 No others would suit it so well.

Here wood, lawn, and water are nigh,
 The lonely and cheerful combin'd,
 Here landscape indulges the eye,
 And sweet contemplation the mind.

Here often at eve and at morn
 Shall some gladsome pastime be found,
 And all worldly cares quite forsworn,
 Contentment shall smile all around.

Hard by see the clear dimpling rill,
 That wears its fantastical course ;
 Yet some jealous pow'r, alas ! still
 Obstructs but too often its source. *

* The stream had unfortunately become dry more than once.

Nor yet be the fountain untold,
 We call by so precious a name, *
 And surer than letters of gold,
 This honour endears it to fame.

The swains did the river God spy,
 Uplifting his sedge-tufted head,
 And ecstasy beam'd in his eye,
 While to Naiads and Zephyrs he said :

Here henceforth my court shall I keep,
 And here let your homage be paid,
 My stream shall reluctantly creep,
 By the charms of the landscape delay'd.

And still as the high swelling tides
 In mischievous pride shall descend,
 Each pow'r my command that abides,
 This favour'd retreat shall defend.

Here Zephyr sweep gently along,
 To court the smooth cheek of the fair,
 And long let the roses be young,
 That beauty and health planted there.

And ne'er let the moment arrive,
 When pleasures so pure shall not please,
 Scarce would it be worth while to live,
 If lost to enjoyments like these.

* Mrs. L—'s Christian name.

CANZONE DI PETRARCA.

CHIARE, fresche e dolci acque,
 Ove le belle membra
 Pose colei che sola a me par donna ;
 Gentil ramo ove piacque
 (Con sospir mi rimembra)
 A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna ;
 Erba, e fior, che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Con l'angelico feno ;
 Aer sacro sereno,
 Ov' amor co' begli occhi il cor m'aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.

 S'egli è pur mio destino,
 E'l cielo in ciò s'adopra
 Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimando chiuda ;
 Qual che grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
 E torni l'alma al proprio albergo ignuda ;
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo ;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai'n più riposato porto,

Nè'n

Nè'n più tranquilla foffa
Fuggir la carne travagliata e l'offa.

Tempo verrà ancor forfè
Ch'all'ufato foggiorno
Torni la fera bella e manfucta ;
E là 'vélla mi fcorfe
Nel benedetto giorno,
Volga la vifta defiofa e lieta,
Cercandomi : ed, O pietà !
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, amor l'infpira
In guifa, che fofpiri
Sè dolcemente, che mercè m'impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo,
Afcugandofi gli occhi col bel velo.

IMITATED BY W. J. BAKER.

YE limpid waters, happy fteam,
Where oft with chafte alarms,
Fair Laura from the noontide beam
Refresh'd her matchlefs charms.

Ye branches, by whose leaves carefs'd
Her beauties fhelter'd lay,
The flow'rs fhe to her bofom prefs'd
More envied ftill than they.

And thou, sweet air, with am'rous breeze,
 That o'er my senses stole,
 And, scarcely felt by aspen trees,
 In transport wrapt my soul.

Witness, ye gentle tokens all,
 That oft recal my sighs,
 Let not my plaint unheeded fall,
 Nor my last pray'r despise.

If these sad eyes high heav'n ordains
 In bitter tears to close,
 'Mongst you then let my poor remains
 In hoping peace repose.

What though my spirit then set free
 Shall to its home return,
 That favour'd spot 'twill joy to see,
 Receives my fun'ral urn.

Haply at length the slighting fair,
 Nor distant be that hour,
 May to the once-lov'd haunt repair,
 And seek th'accustom'd bow'r.

Round her inquiring eyes she'll cast,
 To learn if I be near,
 She may perhaps desire at last
 For once to find me there.

Then

Then as my tomb arrests her view,
 Relenting tears will steal
 Adown that cheek of roseate hue,
 And reach her modest veil.

Her heart shall feel its rigours end,
 Touch'd with my hapless love,
 A pity'ng sigh to heav'n she'll send,
 And make my peace above.

VERS SUR UNE ROSE,

PAR MONSIEUR BERNARD.*

TENDRE fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
 Objet des baisers du Zéphir,
 Reine de l'empire de Flore,
 Hâte toi de l'épanouir.

Que dis-je, hélas ! diffère encore,
 Diffère un moment à t'ouvrir,
 L'instant qui doit te faire éclore
 Est celui qui doit te flétrir.

* N. B. The copy of this celebrated sonnet, which is here followed, is in some parts different from, and it may be safely said, more spirited, than that which is found in some editions of the work of Bernard; the two first lines of the sixth and the whole seventh stanza, will justify this observation.

Thémise est une fleur nouvelle,
 Qui subira la même loi,
 Rose, tu dois briller comme elle,
 Elle doit passer comme toi.

Descends de ta tige épineuse,
 Viens la parer de tes couleurs,
 Tu dois être la plus heureuse,
 Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va, meurs sur le sein de Thémise,
 Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau,
 Jaloux de ton sort je n'aspire
 Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.

Tu vivras plus d'un jour peut-être
 Sur l'autel que tu dois parer,
 Un soupir t'y fera renaître,
 Si Thémise peut soupirer.

Fais lui sentir par mes alarmes
 Le prix du plus grand de ses biens,
 En voyant expirer tes charmes,
 Qu'elle apprenne à jouir des siens.

Si quelque main a l'imprudence
 D'y venir troubler mon repos,
 Emporte avec toi ma vengeance,
 Garde une epine à mes rivaux.

TRANSLATED BY W. J. BAKER.

OFFSPRING of the tears of morn,
 Round whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
 Haste, the gay parterre adorn,
 Spread thy treasures to the day.

Yet, ah! stop thy op'ning bloom,
 Charm not yet our longing eyes,
 For, alas! why urge thy doom,
 Since thy life so quickly flies.

Laura is a tender flow'r,
 Fated to the same decree,
 Rose, perhaps thou'lt shine like her,
 She must pass away like thee.

Come, renounce thy thorny seat
 For a place in Laura's breast,
 More than other blossoms sweet,
 So thy lot should be more blest.

There thy last and proudest day
 Shews at once thy tomb and throne,
 Not a wish were left I'd say,
 Could I call thy fate my own.

Not so soon perhaps thou'lt die,
 As unwillingly I've said,
 If she yet has learn'd to sigh,
 Sighs may raise thy drooping head.

When the lovely nymph regrets
 That thy prime so soon is flown,
 Warn her heart that it forgets
 How she should employ her own.

If a rival's hand should dare
 To encroach where thou art worn,
 Be my vengeance all thy care,
 Let him feel thy sharpest thorn.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING DECLARATION OF
 SKIP THE MAGPIE,

CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED AND GIBBETTED IN THE
 BARLEY FIELD AT H———N, AND NOW LYING
 UNDER SENTENCE IN HIS CELL AT SAID PLACE.

BY W. J. BAKER.

AS I understand that judgement has been passed upon me, and that I now remain for execution, I think it necessary to say a few words before the fatal hour comes, when I am to launch into eternity ; and on this occasion I shall take the liberty of departing from the form in which this kind of address to the public is usually drawn up ;

up ; as I am compelled by a hard necessity, and which should move the pity of my judges, to enter upon my justification after sentence has been passed upon me, and to endeavour to clear my character, when I have no longer any hopes of saving my life. Before I proceed to my exculpation, it would be proper to remark upon the extraordinary manner in which my trial, if I can call it so, has been conducted ; it cannot be denied that I have been condemned unheard, in my absence, without having been furnished with a copy of my indictment, without having been confronted with my accusers, without having been indulged with counsel to plead for me, in short, in violation of every form usual in criminal cases, and in conformity to no one known process of jurisdiction, unless martial law can be so called. The suggestions and pretexts upon which these unprecedented steps have been taken to bring me to an ignominious death, are such as in justice to myself I do not think I ought to carry to the grave with me. And here I beseech the public to be attentive in distinguishing guilt from accusation, and substantial justice from persecution. A vague and general charge has been made against me and all my race, that we are *chattering, pert, intruding* birds, that meddle continually with other people's concerns, without ever giving them any assistance.

Now, if talking too much be a capital crime, I should be glad to know what defence can be set up for a large descrip-

description of ladies who are notoriously guilty of this practice, many of them from their cradle up; in what manner is it proposed to *bring to reason* several private societies, where the clack is incessant, and frequently not more entertaining than our's; who will devise such a code as will reach offences of this nature in the senate and at the bar? what methods will be effectual in order to *do justice upon* the waiting maids in this very house, as well as in every other of the same class? they whose whole sisterhood is represented in the best comedies of this and the French nation, which are certainly the truest mirrors of real life, is, I say, represented as prattling by profession, whose whole talent is in their tongue, and to whom therefore the charge of *chattering, pert, intruding*, meddling birds, is full as applicable, if not more so, as to me and those of my species.

Not to go farther than the parlour, I should wish to hear what excuse Mr. B—r and little John, those eternal talkers, and who dash at every thing, can offer in their favour; one would naturally have thought that these chatterers should have felt some sympathy for my unhappy situation, and pleaded the cause of an oppressed brother; but I have found by sad experience, that they do not like any talkers but themselves, and that the vulgar proverb is here verified, that two of a trade can never agree; so that any thing they have said, instead of being favourable to my cause, has on the contrary tended

to

to throw a ridicule over my grievances, and to decry my pretensions to mercy.

The next charge brought against me is, that I have shewn a passion for viewing my face and person in a looking-glass, from which it is pretended that considerable danger would accrue to that brittle and costly article of furniture. On this charge, at least, I may hope for the countenance and protection of Miss M——— and Miss J———, who must be conscious of a like propensity in themselves, and who, I am sure, are too gentle and too just to allow that a poor Magpie should be brought to public execution for a practice, which they themselves indulge for some hours in every week, and by the means of which their conquests and triumphs are foretold to them, as was done by the oracle to generals of old.— Even Madam herself is a daily debtor to this true friend for an elegant arrangement, or at least a correction of her dress, and perhaps owes some of the graces of her deportment to that inclination, which in my case is urged as a capital offence; nay, even the gentlemen, if they were candid, would confess, that shaving is not the only use which they make of a looking-glass; witness the flourishing beau knots of their cravats, and other studied adjustments of their dress, by which they expect to *look amiable*, and with the help of bold advances to carry the ladies hearts by storm. On this charge, therefore, had I been heard, I might have hoped to have done away the

atro-

atrocious degree of guilt that has been imputed to me ; at least, if every one would have made the case his own, I could not have failed of success. The next article of crimination is, that our fraternity is given to *common thieving*, and that we have a mischievous pleasure in secreting little articles of value, and thereby occasioning them to be lost. That low bred and unprincipled Magpies may have indulged a propensity to stealing, and thereby brought a general suspicion on our species, is what I shall readily admit ; but I must alledge on the other hand, that all sects and communities have their bad members, and that any of our flock, who have been given to pilfering, have probably, as being imitating animals, done no more than follow the example of some accomplished originals in this art. I must observe beside, that more is laid to our charge in this way than is really founded in fact; nothing is more easy or handy for the servants, when a tea spoon, a salt spoon, the lid of a pepper box, mustard pot, &c. is lost or mislaid by their own carelessness, or stolen by interlopers whom they admit improperly about the house ; nothing, I say, is more ready than to lay the blame on the poor Magpie. Thus it is that Button, the lap-dog, is said to bear the blame of certain embarrassing little accidents that sometimes happen in company. If those persons who are high in power would condescend to consider what I have said in my justification, I might still hope that mercy might be extended to me, and that my hard sentence might be changed into imprisonment
or

or transportation ; but if that cannot be, I have only to add the words of course which are commonly made use of in such unhappy circumstances as those I stand in.— I was born of very *dishonest parents* in the garden hedge of H——n, though not meriting death for what is laid to my charge, yet, as I have committed many other offences, I acknowledge that my sentence is no more than I deserve.

I now caution all my brethren against that which first led me into wickedness, the bad example of my parents. Since I can remember them, their constant employment was the robbing of gardens, a practice which has led many to the gallows. — In this way they supported themselves and their family, and if I by reason of my youth was not an accomplice in their thefts, yet I was always a most willing receiver of the stolen goods ; so that I cannot now complain that I am doomed to end my life as I began it, *on a tree*. I die an unworthy member of the rookery of Kenny Court, in the fourth month of my age.

T H E

THE CONTRAST.

BY W. J. BAKER.

B.Y simile, it has been shown,*
 Between a woman and the moon,
 What devious courses she pursues,
 The parallel in all points true is.
 Another bard not so aspiring, †
 The sex perhaps not much admiring,
 Has found their likenesses in a cloud,
 And of his simile seems proud ;
 But why may we not understand
 By *contrast* how these matters stand ;
 A *watch* of all the things I know,
 Does best a woman's failings shew,
 And plainly carries on the face o'nt
 Those qualities the ladies want.
 From this at once it may be seen,
 If all things go on right within,
 The inward workings are betray'd,
 And open to the view are laid..
 But can we in their visage find
 An index pointing to their mind,

* Vide Asylum, vol. ii. page 80.

† Swift.

Or will their practis'd looks discover
The wiles that round their fancy hover ?

A watch, they say, should be let go,
And run down once a month or so ;
But she that once has had her fling,
To reason who can ever bring ?

Or who is he will regulate her,
Or keep in order this repeater ?
For thenceforth one may try in vain
To make her keep good hours again.

Her tongue's perpetu'l motion shews,
A problem Mudge or Arnold knows,
And take her to what clime you will,
You'll find the movement equal still.

My motions by my watch I guide,
By its directions I abide,
A faithful monitor I find it,
And always shall consult and mind it ;

But he that regulates his motions
By dearest life's capricious notions,
At best's too early or too late,
Or meets perhaps with Jaffier's fate.

In one sole point the two agree,
Wheels within wheels in both we see.

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE
 ROOT-HOUSE AT TAPLOW,
 THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF INCHQUIN.

BY W. J. BAKER.

TO the genius of this cell
 Tunes the Muse her rustic shell.
 Here the Muses best are woo'd,
 Here no worldly cares intrude,
 What so cheerful room to dine in ?
 Or so cool to drink our wine in ?
 Here the grape has double zest,
 Doubly relish'd is the jest,
 Form and state are here abhorr'd,
 Here my Lord's no more a Lord,
 Or alike we all are Peers,
 When the fragrant Bordeaux cheers.
 Down from off this airy cliff *
 Oft are seen in painted skiff,
 Nymphs and swains to skim along,
 Wrapt in mirth and artless song.
 Love they talk of, and what not,
 See they praise this envy'd spot.
 As the shades of night draw near,
 Ladies and the tea appear,

* It overhangs the Thames.

Then our mirth is more refin'd,
 Suiting more their gentle mind,
 All contending for their smile,
 Thus another hour beguile.
 Ever be such pleasures new,
 Joys less simple are less true.

V I L L A N E L L E

DE L'ABBE' DESPORTES.

I.

ROSETTE, pour un peu d'absence
 Votre cœur vous avez changé ;
 Et moi sachant cette inconstance,
 Le mien autre part j'ai rangé ;
 Jamais plus beauté si légère
 Sur moi tant de pouvoir n'aura,
 Nous verrons, volage bergere,
 Qui premier s'en repentira.

II.

Tandis qu'en pleurs je me consume,
 Maudissant cet éloignement,
 Vous, qui n'aimez que par coutume,
 Caresser un nouvel amant ;

Jamais

Jamais légère girouette
 Au vent si tôt ne se vira ;
 Nous verrons, bergere Rosette,
 Qui premier s'en repentira.

III.

Où font tant de promesses saintes,
 Tant de pleurs versés en partant ?
 Est-il vrai que ces tristes plaintes
 Sortissent d'un cœur inconstant ?
 Dieux ! que vous êtes mensongere !
 Maudit soit qui plus vous croira,
 Nous verrons, volage bergere,
 Qui premier s'en repentira.

IV.

Celui qui a gagné ma place
 Ne vous peut aimer tant que moi,
 Et celle que j'aime vous passe
 De beauté, d'amour, et de foi.
 Gardez bien votre amitié neuve,
 La mienne plus ne variera,
 Et puis nous verrons à l'épreuve,
 Qui premier s'en repentira.

IMITATED BY W. J. BAKER.

I.

LAURA, you your heart have chang'd,
 A little absence was the cause,
 Mine, upon this news estrang'd,
 Bends to another beauty's laws ;
 Fickle fair ones rule not me,
 I shall as a plague prevent it,
 Faithless nymph, we soon shall see,
 Which of us will first repent it.

II.

Whilst in tears I waste the hours,
 Grieving that we should ever part,
 You, who own but fashion's pow'rs,
 To a new lover yield your heart ;
 Never streamer with the wind
 Quicker veer'd, that passing bent it,
 Giddy fair one soon, we'll find,
 Which of us will first repent it.

III.

Are your plighted vows forgot,
 And all your tears at parting shed ?
 Is it then my hapless lot
 By falshood thus to be misled ?

Heav'ns !

Heav'ns! what perfidy you've shown,
 For my torment sure you meant it ;
 Nymph, ere long it will be known,
 Which of us will first repent it.

IV.

He that now fills up my place,
 ' Ne'er sure can learn to love like me,
 She I love, in ev'ry grace
 Of mind and form surpasses thee.
 Manage well your present flame,
 Let your favour'd youth resent it,
 Mine henceforth remains the same,
 We shall see who'll first repent it.

S O N G.

Tune, “ *The Vicar and Moses.*”

MR. *Pitt*, Mr. *Pitt*,
 Pray why don't you quit,
 And give up your troublesome station ?
 Or must we be told,
 That if longer you hold,
 'Tis all for the good of the nation ?
 Tol de rol, &c.

Scotch Harry, Scotch Harry,
 How long will you tarry ?

Pray

Pray take the old Weefel's advice ;*

Get as poor and as thin

As when first you crept in,

And then you'll slip out in a trice.

Lord T——, Lord T——,

You may soon take a furlough,

And be not in haste to come back ;

For much as your lov'd,

Yet 'tis fit you were shov'd

From the Chancery and the Woolfack.

Lord *Graham*, Lord *Graham*,

And you, my Lord *Bayham*,

And your brothers, at each of the boards ;

Your departure is nigh,

So I wish you God be wi'ye,

On your merits I'll waste no more words.

Lord *Feddy*, Lord *Feddy*,

Who shov'd yourself ready

To support *John-a-Nokes* when he's in,

I hope you'll not find,

That the Whigs are so kind

To reward such political sin.

* “ Forte per angustam tennis nitedula rimam,

“ Repserat in cumeram pumentī ; &c.

“ Cui mustella procul, &c. &c.

“ Macra cavum repetes aretum quem macra subisti.”—HOR.

Will Pogy, Will Pogy,
 You've damn'd luck, you rogue you,
 So sily to grope to the chair ;
 But you must not pretend,
 'Tis th' advice of a friend,
 In the new Parliament to sit there.

Lord Languish, Lord Languish,
 I feel for your *Anguish*,
 And should ask you a question or two ;
 But I've found out of late,
 That for reasons of state,
 No questions are answered by you.

Joe Mawbey, Joe Mawbey,
 Let your hogs be your hobby,
 But try not another election ;
 It would be a sad *boar*,
 And why need I say more,
 To meet with a shameful rejection.

Lord Mulgrave, Lord Mulgrave,
 You look as a bull grave,
 'Tis in vain to be so much cast down,
 When you've got in a hole,
 Take a trip to the Pole,
 And forget all the plagues of the town.

Charles Brandling, Charles Brandling,
 O what a rough handling
 The poor absent Sheriff has got ;
 But your honor's disgrace.
 Was flung full in your face,
 So you had rather more than you brought.

Mr. *Rolle*, Mr. *Rolle*,
 'Tis a shame 'pon my foul,
 For *Devon* to chuse such a Knight ;
 Since the days of *Rollo*,
 Th' electors, that's hollow,
 Ne'er sent up so brainless a wight.

Lord *Sydney*, Lord *Sydney*,
 No man of your kidney
 Must hope to continue in place ;
 And sure ne'er Sec. of State,
 Had so wig-block a pate,
 And eke such an unblushing face.

Sly *Jenky*, sly *Jenky*,
 Of matters what think you ?
 Say whose *friend* you are now if you durst !
 But a word in your ear,
 I've been told, do you hear,
 Number one was at all times the first.

S O N G.

BY DR. GLYNN, M. D. FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

TEAZE me no more, nor think I care,
Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indiff'rent 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the od'rous liquid sips,
The king of bees or butterfly ?

Like me, the Indian of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd to know,
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face.

C O T E C L E,*

A POEM INSCRIBED TO LORD VISCOUNT MOUNT
EDGCOMBE.

Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare vetustas. VIRG.

BY H. N. W.

WHERE Tamar's limpid stream delights the eye,
And gently winding lingers thro' the vale,
Like some coy damsel that affects to fly,
Yet loiters still to hear her lover's tale,

Begirt with venerable woods, whose shade
Coeval with the walls it shelter'd grew,
Lifting its head majestic o'er the glade,
A stately castle struck the traveller's view.

No guilty Nabob's palace here appear'd,
Rais'd on the ruins of the plunder'd East,
Here no vain Cit fantastic whims had rear'd,
And gloss'd his follies with the name of Taste :

But battlements and tow'rs with ivy crown'd,
Which war's and time's assaults had long defy'd,
And many an age o'er Tamar's stream had frown'd,
In all the dignity of Gothic pride.

* An old castle, anciently the residence of the Edgcombe family.

He thought the opening portal seem'd to say,
 Stranger approach—nor pass incurious by,
 No pamper'd lacquey here shall stop thy way,
 Nor check thy questions with a rude reply.

An ancient serving-man, whose tottering frame
 Bespoke life's winter, greets him at the door,
 A grey-hair'd chronicle that well became
 A scene, where all around Time's livery wore.

Whate'er the mansion's former Lords befell
 Full well he knew, and all he knew he told ;
 On other times his tongue would fondly dwell,
 And gallant feats perform'd by knights of old.

He leads the stranger to the Gothic hall,
 With high-arch'd roof and fretted sculpture crown'd,
 Where scatter'd gleams thro' painted windows fall
 On walls with arms and banners deck'd around :

Dimly displaying to the curious eye
 (Allies in many a well-disputed field)
 The spear, the mace, the cuirass, hung on high,
 The vizard helmet and the blazon'd shield.

Bows too with arrows rang'd, whose sounding flight
 (Galling the distant foes embattled force)
 Provok'd from far and usher'd in the fight,
 “E'er lance yet clash'd with lance, or horse with horse.”

Hail, venerable weapons! by whose aid
 Your generous lords defy'd the tyrant's frown,
 Or mad rebellion's course as nobly stay'd,
 When restless faction shook the regal throne.

As when the Monk at sight of reliques fir'd
 Recalls the glories of his patron saint,
 Recounts his miracles and glows inspir'd,
 By scenes which wild enthusiasts fondly paint:

So shall this view the toil-worn soldier cheer,
 And many a gallant deed of youth recall;
 The drum shall seem again to greet his ear,
 And swords and spears to clatter round the hall.

Or perhaps, as now neglected and forgot,
 Like friends we want no more, they slighted lie,
 The sad reflection at his kindred lot
 Shall force the tear indignant from his eye.

He too who loves the retrospective view,
 And up the stream of Time directs his glance,
 Shall here by Fancy's potent aid renew
 The tales of chivalry and old romance:

Shall think he hears again the minstrel's song
 Of dames whose charms did courteous knights enthrall;
 While air-drawn forms before his eye shall throng,
 And stalk in glittering armour round the hall.

Some draw the threatening falchion from the side,
 Or sternly frowning grasp the quivering spear;
 While others sad and pensive seem to glide,
 And then desponding sigh and disappear.

Such are at Fancy's call, the visions bright,
 Which rise and sport within her genial ray,
 In rainbow tints they flit before the sight,
 Like atoms floating in the beam of day.

And as to that the twinkling atoms owe
 The transient lustre of their vivid hue,
 So Fancy's scenes with warmer colours glow
 Than Truth or sober Nature ever drew.

Blest dreams, adieu!---The traveller cries, and turns
 Amid the chapel's solemn gloom to tread,
 And bend with holy reverence o'er the urns,
 Which hold the ashes of the mighty dead.

With eyes and hands uprais'd there side by side
 The pious founders of the mansion lie,
 Of ladies fair and courteous knights the pride,
 The chaste Dame Alice and the brave Sir Guy.

Around their tomb a numerous offspring bends,
 Fervent in pious harmony to share,
 The purest incense which to Heaven ascends,
 The unpolluted strain of infant prayer.

Peace,

Peace, gentle pair! and may no impious feet
 With steps unblest'd profane this hallow'd gloom,
 But here for ages may your children meet
 To light the torch of virtue at your tomb.

Long may your honour'd life's unfulled space
 To lisping infants tongues a theme supply,
 While in their looks their mothers fondly trace
 The chaste Dame Alice and the brave Sir Guy:

'Tis then alone when lists of fires renown'd
 In souls congenial wake a kindred flame,
 That pedigree's no more an empty sound,
 And heraldry no longer but a name.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT AT CASTLETON,

DEDICATED BY LADY L—— C——Y TO MRS. SIDDONS.

BY THE HON. G—— N——R.

TO thee, O *Siddons*! in this calm retreat,
 Approving judgement dedicates the seat :
 Pledge of esteem, which from *her* friendship flows,
 Whose bosom with no mimic pathos glows.
 Not to thy genius or thy fame confin'd,
Her admiration more applauds thy mind,
 Where sweet simplicity allures the heart,
 Beyond the mighty magic of thy art ;

Beyond the melting music of thy tongue ;
 Beyond the graces which around thee throng ;
 Beyond thy countenance inspir'd to shew,
 Each sad vicissitude of tragic woe ;
 That from th' obdurate breast a sigh can steal,
 Or languid luxury compel to feel !
 Beyond thy cheek, whose glowing tints inflame,
 When warm'd by love and when suffus'd by shame ;
 Or lip, where cold contempt half-smiling lies ;
 Or anger's lightning flashing from those eyes,
 Whose brows, when agonizing griefs oppress,
 Bend to the eloquence of deep distress ;
 Or frantic-shriek, which rends th' astonish'd ear,
 Chilling the soul with sympathetic fear ;
 For strong expression's év'ry power divine,
 And all its vast varieties are thine !
 Delusive thee ! long e'er life's drama's done,
 Envy may blast the palm which genius won !
 A nobler wreath thy social worth will prove ;
 Maternal fondness twin'd with wedded love,
 Shall add unfading honours to a name,
 Whose private virtues gild its public fame.

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID HOME, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

WHILST genius prostitutes her fires,
 And meanly flatters living pride ;
 Departed worth my muse inspires,
 Be Home my theme and truth my guide !
 Let mournful mem'ry weeping paint,
 A heart with every virtue fraught ;
 That e'er was practis'd by the saint,
 That e'er the sage's precept taught !
 If shiv'ring poverty implor'd,
 Or suff'ring merit claim'd relief ;
 His hand supply'd the famish'd board,
 His voice assuag'd the poignant grief !
 When sad misfortune sigh'd her tale,
 His lenient aid was ever nigh ;
 And if beyond that aid to heal,
 The humid sorrow dimm'd his eye.
 Mild and forgiving to his foes,
 When humble penitence apply'd ;
 His firm indignant spirit rose,
 If urg'd by insolence or pride.
 Threat'ned with fortune's adverse frown,
 Dauntless he brav'd th'impending blow ;
 And still superior to his own,
 Reserv'd his tears for other's woe !

Of no religious sect the slave,
 Extended mercy warm'd his mind ;
 And truth inscribes upon his grave,
 Here lies the friend of all *Mankind* !

INSCRIPTION FOR A SEAT AT CASTLETON,

- DEDICATED TO DOCTOR BLAIR.

BY THE SAME.

PROFANE impiety from hence retreat,
 Religious gratitude inscribes this seat ;
 Sacred to virtue and illustrious *Blair*,
 Whose words assuasive deprecate despair,
 When rude adversity assails the mind ;
 Teaching to praise our GOD and be resign'd :
 Or harder still, if favouring fortune smiles,
 They shield our hearts from her delusive wiles—
 His calm rebuke can hoary vice reclaim,
 Dissolving harden'd sin to weeping shame ;
 And his each argument that may console,
 Or sooth with hope the penitential soul.
 Impressive reasoning whose powers combine,
 Classic philosophy with truths divine ;
 Persuasive eloquence which gently draws,
 From sceptic breasts a tribute of applause—
 His mild morality fair mercy shews,
 Anxious to mitigate the sinner's woes :

Nor

Nor dares he unrelenting vengeance deal ;
 Nor rend the wounds benevolence wou'd heal ;
 Nor wield with wrath th'ALMIGHTY'S chast'ning rod,
 Nor as a jealous tyrant paint his God !
 Fearing no blame, soliciting no praise,
 To *Heaven* and truth he consecrates his days

A PRAYER TO SENSIBILITY.

ON READING MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER FOR
 INDIFFERENCE.

BY THE SAME.

TO thee my oraisons ascend,
 Sweet *Sensibility* !
 Still at thy altar I will bend,
 With sympathetic eye.

Ne'er let me tread the frozen path
 Of cold Indifference :
 But melt with thy ambrosial breath
 To feeling's keenest sense.

For other's dangers teach my heart,
 To know a friendly fear ;
 In other's ills to take a part,
 And give each woe a tear.

May

May never Apathy's cold rules
 My active soul obey;
 But let me leave to torpid fools,
 A god more dull than they.

Gently reclaim the muse who late,
 Of thy behests, being weary,
 Address'd a prayer against thy state,
 To *Oberon* the fairy.

How vain that prayer! What spell can bind
 The heart that's form'd by thee?
 Nor shall her ardent friendly mind,
 'Till death, indifferent be.

Propitious hear! So may thy shrine,
 Be Greville's conscious breast;
 So may *her* lyre accord with mine,
 That *feeling* makes us blest!

TO A LADY, WITH A COMPASS.

BY THE SAME.

THE *needle* quivering from its pole,
 Drawn by each worthless nail,
 Is a true emblem of the soul,
 When passion's powers prevail:

Plung'd

Plung'd in attractive pleasure's course,
 It fondly sweeps along ;
 But touch'd with virtue's magnet force,
 It trembles doing wrong.

T O A L A D Y,

WITH THE PRINT OF VENUS ATTIIRED BY THE
 GRACES.

BY THE SAME.

THAT far superior is thy state,
 Even envy must agree ;
 On thee a thousand Graces wait,
 On Venus only three.

A R S M E N T I E N D I ;

OR, THE ART OF LYING.

BY LORD HENRY SPENCER, SON OF THE DUKE OF
 MARLBOROUGH. (*From the Microcosm.*)

WHEN fordid man, by justice unrestrain'd,
 Rang'd the wild woods, and food by plunder gain'd ;
 Yet unenlighten'd by mild reason's ray,
 Coarse nature rul'd with undisputed sway.
 But when some sage's great aspiring mind,
 By bonds of mutual interest link'd mankind,

Then

Then Art restrain'd her sister's wide domain,
 And claim'd with nature, a divided reign ;
 Yet still distrustful of her own success,
 She fought to please by wearing nature's dress.

So *that* great art, whose principles and use
 Employ the pen of my unworthy muse,
 Tho' great itself, in these degenerate days,
 Is forced to shine with adscititious rays,
 Nor ever can a lasting sceptre wield,
 Unless in robes of purest truth conceal'd.

Hear then, whoe'er the arduous task will try,
 Who wish with sense, with skill, with taste to *lye* ;
 Ye patriots, plotting ministers disgrace ;
 Ye ministers, who fear——a loss of place ;
 Ye tradesmen, who with writs the sops entrap,
 Ye sops, who strive those tradesmen to escape ;
 Ye reverend Jews, enrich'd by Christian spoil,
 Ye parsons, who for benefices toil ;
 No longer hope by open war to win,
 Cease, cease, ye fools, to lye “ *thro' thick and thin.* ”
 “ But know this truth enough for rogues to know,”
 Lyes ne'er can please the man who thinks them so.

Would you by flattery seek the road to wealth ?
 Push not too hard, but slide it in by stealth.
 Mark well your cully's temper and pursuit,
 And fit to every leg the pliant boot.
 Tell not the spendthrift that he hoards with sense,
 Tell not the miser that he scorns expence ;

Nor

Nor praise the learning of a dunce profess,
 Nor swear a sloven's elegantly dress.
 Thus, if by chance, in harmless sport and play,
 You coolly talk a character away;
 Or boldly a flat perjurer appear,
 Nor gallows dread, nor lacerated ear,
 Still let your lyes to truth *near neighbours* be,
 And still with probability agree:
 So shall you govern with unbounded rein,
 Nor longer cringe, and toil, and *lye* in vain;
 While Truth laments her empire quite o'erthrown,
 And by a form usurp'd so like her *own*.

O D E

TO JOHN ROLLE, ESQ. M. P.

ON HIS LONG RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

SPRUNG from the chief of *Rollo's* race,
 Pre-eminent in shape and grace,
 For Wit and Sense admired;
 Say, *Rolle*, the cause of this delay,
 What keeps thee from the town away?
 By all thy friends desired!

Say,

Say, dost thou chace the panting stag,
With *J——n*, that witty wag,

On northern *Devon's* plains ? *
Is the pursuit of game the cause,
That deaf to *Albion's* weal and laws,
Thee *Tidwell* † still detains ?

Do'st thou in Vestry's warm debate,
Now thump the table, now thy pate,
And make the *Quorum* stare ?
Or dost thou through the miry lanes,
Whilst every farmer loud complains,
Chace the poor timid hare ?

Thy lovely *Mira*, ‡ well I know,
Likes much her pretty face to shew,
In *London's* brilliant sphere :
Methinks I hear the fair one speak,
I see her pat thy chubby cheek,
My love, my *Johnny* § dear !

Come, let us haste to *London's* smoke,
The frogs already round us croak !
If here we longer stay,

* Sir T. Ackland's stag hounds hunt the northern part of Devon.

† The name of Mr. Rolle's seat.

‡ Mira is the name of Mrs. Rolle.

§ Mr. and Mrs. Rolle are very fond of the appellations of Johnny and Mira, and use them on all occasions.

Of agues we shall surely die,
Such dreadful fogs each eve' I spy !*

Haste, *Johnny*, haste away !

Tho' thou art of *Herculean* mould,

Thy heart is neither hard nor cold

To female supplication !

Come then, oblige thy lovely bride,

Henceforth once more *St. Stephen's* pride,

And wonder of the nation !

ASTOLPHO.

On the day of the publication of Mr. Gibbon's conclusion of his History, and the Author's birth-day, some of the most celebrated literary characters dined together on the occasion. In the afternoon the following Stanzas, written by Mr. Hayley, were read to the company.

GENII of England, and of Rome !

In mutual triumph here assume

The honours each may claim !

The social scene with smiles survey,

And consecrate the festive day

To Friendship and to Fame,

* Tidwell is in a damp situation.

Enough by Defolation's tide,
 With anguish, and indignant pride,
 Has Rome bewail'd her fate ;
 And mourn'd that time, in havoc's hour,
 Defac'd each monument of power,
 To speak her truly great.

O'er maim'd Polybius, just and sage,
 O'er Livy's mutilated page,
 How deep was her regret !
 Touch'd by this Queen, in ruin grand,
 See ! Glory, by an English hand,
 Now pays a mighty debt :

Lo ! sacred to the Roman name,
 And rais'd, like Rome's immortal fame,
 By genius and by toil,
 The splendid work is crown'd to-day,
 On which Oblivion ne'er shall prey,
 Nor Envy make her spoil !

England, exult ! and view not now
 With jealous glance each nation's brow,
 Where Hist'ry's palm has spread ;
 In every path of liberal art,
 Thy sons to prime distinction start,
 And no superior dread.

Science for thee a Newton rais'd ;
 For thy renown a Shakespeare blaz'd,
 Lord of the Drama's sphere !
 In different fields, to equal praise,
 See Hist'ry now thy GIBBON raise
 To shine without a peer !

Eager to honour living worth,
 And bless to-day the double birth,
 That proudest joy may claim,
 Let artless Truth this homage pay,
 And consecrate the festive day
 To Friendship and to Fame.

INCANTATION, FOR RAISING A PHANTOM, IMITATED FROM MACBETH, AND LATELY PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS, IN WESTMINSTER.

Thunder. A Cauldron burning.

Enter three WITCHES.

First Witch.

THRICE the Doctors have been heard.

Second Witch. Thrice the Houses have conferred.

Third Witch. Thrice hath Sydney cock'd his chin,
 Jenky cries---begin, begin.

First Witch. Round about the Cauldron go,
 In the fell ingredients throw.

Still.

Still-born Fœtus, born and bred
 In a Lawyer's puzzled head,
 Hatch'd by metaphysic Scot,
 Boil thou in th' enchanted pot.

All.

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble,

Second Witch.

Scull that holds the small remains
 Of old C—d---n's addlè brains,
 Liver of the lily's hue,
 Which in R---m---d's carcase grew ;
 Tears, which stealing down the cheek
 Of the rugged T——w, speak
 All the poignant grief he feels
 For his Sov'reign---or the Seals ;
 For a charm of pow'rful trouble
 Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

Third Witch.

Clippings of Corinthian brags
 From the visage of D---d---s ;
 Forg'd Address, devis'd by R—e,
 Half of P---p---r A——n's nose,
 Smuggled vote of City Thanks,
 Promise of infidious B——ks,
 Add a grain of R—llo's courage
 To enflame the hellish porridge.

First Witch.

Cool it, with L—yd K—y—'s blood.
 Now the charm is firm and good.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

Enter HECATE, Queen of the Witches.

Hecate. Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains,
And ev'ry one shall share i'th' gains.

*[Cauldron sinks. Witches fly away upon broomsticks,
thunder, &c.]*

The Frontispiece to the second edition of Dr. Johnson's Letters is an admirable rebuke to the venal pen of Madame Piozzi. It is, we understand, the production of a well-known and ingenious Satyrist. He has introduced the Ghost of the Doctor, who addresses the Lady in the following epigrammatic lines.

WHEN Streatham spread its plenteous board,
I open'd learning's valued hoard,
And as I feasted, pros'd ;
Good things I said, *good things* I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th' account was clos'd.

If obligations still I ow'd,
You *sold* each item to the crowd,
I suffer'd by the tale.
For God's sake ! Madam, let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest,
I'll pay you for your *ale*.

MRS. PIOZZI'S JOHNSONIANA.

SOME of the old legendary stories put in verse by modern writers provoked him to caricature them thus one day at Streatham ; but they are already well known, I am sure.

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone ;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

A famous ballad also, beginning *Rio verde, Rio verde*, when I commended the translation of it, he said he could do it better himself—as thus :

Glassy water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along.

But, Sir, said I, this is not ridiculous at all. “ Why no, replied he, why should I always write ridiculously ? perhaps because I made these verses to imitate such a one, naming him :

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey ;
Strike thy bosom, fage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way ?

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
 Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
 When the hoary sage reply'd,
 Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

I could give another comical instance of caricatura imitation. Recollecting some day, when praising these verses of Lopez de Vega,

Se acquien los leones vence
 Vence una muger hermosa
 O el de flaco averguence
 O ella di ser mus furiosa,

more than he thought they deserved, Mr. Johnson instantly observed, "that they were founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained, and ill expressed beside. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does: 'tis a mere play of words, added he, and you might as well say, that

If the man who turnips cries,
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father."

And this humour is of the same sort with which he answered the friend who commended the following line:

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

“ To be sure, said Dr. Johnson,

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.”

This readiness of finding a parallel, or making one, was shewn by him perpetually in the course of conversation. When the French verses of a certain pantomime were quoted thus,

Je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux,
Pour vous faire entendre, mesdames & messieurs,
Que je suis Cassandre descendue des cieux ;

he cried out gaily and suddenly, almost in a moment,

I am Cassandra come down from the sky,
To tell each by-stander what none can deny,
That I am Cassandra come down from the sky.

The pretty Italian verses too, at the end of Baretti's book, called Easy Phraseology, he did *all' improvviso* in the same manner :

Viva ! viva la padrona !
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona e un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella ;
Tutta bella e tutta buona ;
Viva ! viva la padrona !

Long may live my lovely Hetty !
Always young and always pretty,

Always

Always pretty, always young,
 Live my lovely Hetty long !
 Always young and always pretty ;
 Long may live my lovely Hetty !

The famous distich too, of an Italian *improvisatore*,
 who, when the Duke of Modena ran away from the
 comet in the year 1742 or 1743,

Se al venir vostro i principi sen' vanno
 Deh venga ogni di——durate un anno ;

which, said he, would do just as well in our language
 thus :

If at your coming princes disappear,
 Comets ! come every day—and stay a year.

When some one in company commended the verses of
 M. de Benferade à son Lit ;

Theatre des ris et des pleurs,
 Lit ! ou je nais, et ou je meurs ;
 Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
 Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

To which he replied without hesitating,

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die ;
 The near approach a bed may shew
 Of human bliss to human woe.

A STORY IN SIR JOHN'S OWN WAY.

I LEFT Johnson in the evening. He had been very pleasant ; there was nobody with us but *myself* and *him* ; it was about seven o'clock when I parted from him, for I looked up to St. Dunstan's clock. It is a pity that these beautiful figures which strike the hours, should be defaced as they are.* I went to pay a visit to Mr. —, who then lived in Holborn, at the corner of the street that leads to Hatton Garden from Brook's Market. We talked of Johnson ; he said he was a great man, and that he had that day been conversing about the old palace of Ely, which was a very fine place.† And he told me the following story : A certain Bishop, who has been dead about seventeen years, seven months, and three days, for I find a minute of it in my anecdote book, had one day (I think it was in summer, about July) a number of chaplains with him—for poor chaplains, who cannot afford to buy a dinner, are very happy if any one will give them a dinner for nothing ; the reason of which, I think, must

* I mentioned this once at a meeting of Justices, but they all agreed they could do nothing in the business, except *myself* would apply to the parish.

† There is a curious chapter of the old Psalm Tune Book, found among the rubbish of this palace when it was pulled down. See my General History, Vol. IV. p. 268, where there are many discoveries on this subject, which *myself* saw, and a remarkable incident which happened at Hicks's Hall, when I was Chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

be very obvious to my readers. The Bishop told a number of marvellous stories, at which the chaplains bowed assent, and re-echoed *wonderful!* Among other particulars, the Bishop told them that among the ruins of the palace there was found a huge *toad*, which measured eight inches over the back, and twelve in length.* All the chaplains said this was wonderful. One gentleman who was present, and was very rich,† and wished to shew his wit, observed that there must have been no *toad-eaters* in those days. When he said this, he looked at the chaplains, who hung down their heads. The meaning of what he said was this, as *myself* conceives, that if there had been any *toad-eaters* in those days, they would not have allowed this toad to grow so much; for supposing that a toad-eater is an eater of toads, this toad must have made a rich meal to any two of them. This I take to be the meaning of what the rich gentleman said. In our days, however, the word toad-eater is understood meta-

* I remember to have discovered a spider in the old wall of old Hicks's Hall, which had seventeen legs, and weighed one scruple, six grains and a half, averdupois, but it was almost starved. It had literally fretted its guts to fiddle-strings. The best fiddle strings now, however, are made of catgut. General History, Vol. III. p. 289. *ibid.*

† This country is amazingly increased in riches within these few years. When I was Chairman to the Quarter Sessions, a gentleman came to give *myself* and my brethren some intelligence, who was supposed to be worth eighty thousand pounds, and I am told there are merchants in the city worth much more. Smith, on the Wealth of Nations, speaks well on this subject; it is a very good book.

phorically, and means a chaplain, an officer upon half pay, or any such person. It is to be regretted that there is not more attention paid to the chaplains, for I remember one who could read Greek and Hebrew, and understand music perfectly well, and yet was obliged to pare his own turnips. In my General History, you will find some instances of Welch parsons, who play on the fiddle to supply deficiencies—and it is more than probable, that one of the toad-eaters above mentioned was a Welchman. Hence the phrase of going a Welching.—*Cætera desunt.*

J E U D' E S P R I T

ON MR. SHELDON'S ANATOMICAL SCHOOL, IN GREAT
QUEEN STREET, BEING CONVERTED INTO
AN UNDERTAKER'S SHOP.

WHERE once dissecting Sheldon lectur'd crowds,
A funeral monger now exhibits shrowds;
And, like the first possessor of the place,
Imprisons many a dead man in a case!

JACK-DAW.

THE ANGRY BOY AND THE CALM VETERAN;

A PARLIAMENTARY ECLOGUE, 1787.

'TWAS on a day, when eloquence sublime,
And piercing truth, that claims recording rhyme,
When Burke's keen satire wak'd the Premier's ire,
Thaw'd his cold heart, and turn'd his phlegm to fire.

(Anger, mean passion, happily withstood
By * Lansdown, comrade of the great and good;
How must we grieve, 'twere suffer'd to obscure
A mind so grand, so primitive, so pure;
Grieve—that the temper bland, and open heart
Of his lov'd patron, foe declar'd of art,
Should fail their gentle attributes to blend
With the stern virtues of so true a friend?)

Aukward as usual, more than usual fore,
E'en words he lack'd, which ne'er he lack'd before;
By choaking rage plac'd in a novel state,
Eager to scoff, unable to dilate.

* He was above the mean passion of resentment; when a boy he was occasionally actuated by it, but he had got rid of it by living among good and great men, &c. Openness was so much his characteristic, that he was open to a fault, and by the advice of his friends, on that very account secluded himself from the world.

Vide Marquis of Lansdowne's Speech, March 7, 1787.

Then thus, with sublimated taunt, replies ;

Pitt.

Folly, like your's, I pity and despise.

To him, th'accomplish'd Senator unaw'd ;

Burke.

Your breeding let your fawning slaves applaud—

Ev'n I, that ripe discretion won't dispute,

Which waves those arguments it can't confute,

And pouring scalding words with pompous pride,

Displays the slander it pretends to chide.

If of that scorn you lavishly let fall,

Like Heav'n's broad show'r, upon the heads of all,

Some vagrant drops should chance to light on me,

Marvel I cannot, since I must foresee.

But when to me your pity too extends,

That pity oft withheld from truest friends ;

My thanks, my warmest thanks, are surely due,

Since 'tis a boon I ne'er could hope from you ;

A boon, confiding Hastings fail'd to gain,

Which Brodie's worth and wounds implor'd in vain:

Nor cavil we, though small, since well we know,

Those can't give much who've little to bestow ;

Yet is the worth enhanc'd, when rare the thing ;

E'en drops are precious from a scanty spring.

S O N G.

SUNG BY A LADY IN THE CHARACTER OF A
BALLAD SINGER, AT THE MASQUERADE
AT HAREWOOD HOUSE.

GOOD neighbours attend and all listen to me,
Who flock in such crouds these fine people to see;
One would think when their looks are so soft and per-
suading,
At Christmas only they go masquerading.

Derry down, &c.

But a little we've learnt as to how the times go,
And being all Yorkshire folks, we know better than so:
We can give a fly guess when so simple the trade,
Nobility's nought but a grand masquerade.

Derry down, &c.

But when Argus's eyes can boast such penetration,
The ladies to follow through each transformation;
So refin'd are they grown, and so subtle their graces,
Noon or night the masque seldom is off from their faces.

Derry down, &c.

Then here's witches profound, who all fortunes can tell,
Who deserve to be burnt, when so fatal the spell;
But I'll whisper you, neighbours, for fear of some harm,
Unmasking's their magic, and beauty's the charm.

Derry down, &c.

Should a Parliament-man take a fancy to black,
 And parade with a chimney-sweep's bag on his back,
 Bid him hie to the Senate—that farcical scene,
 Cry sweep to the Commons—and brush their votes clean.

Derry down, &c.

Our soldiers so valiant transform'd into beaux,
 Change their brave regimentals for fanciful cloaths ;
 But tho' join'd in the jest since return'd from the war,
 Yet America tells us how gallant they are.

Derry down, &c.

Should any one think that he needs reformation,
 Go confess to a friar—procure dispensation ;
 And tho' they're old women, and drefs'd very odd,
 Yet old women thro' life make up half of the crowd.

Derry down, &c.

For alas ! in this great and respectable nation,
 Old women are wanted in every station ;
 Old women prescribe—and old women condemn,
 And the Reverend Bench was expressly for them.

Derry down, &c.

Of mountebanks, monkies, and figures that prate,
 Can a halfpenny ballad find rhymes to relate ;
 They mix with a crowd, and they make a great pother,
 But being witty is one thing—and masqued's another.

Derry down, &c.

But

But the summons draws near, when the masque shall be
done,

And the visage assum'd must be chang'd for your own :
But approach, my good neighbours, and banish all fear,
Ill-nature's a churl that never comes here.

Derry down, &c.

Critic satire at no one shall level a blot,
Be the witty remember'd, the stupid forgot ;
Good humour's the goddess presides o'er the sport,
" Wit and mirth " is her motto, and HAREWOOD her
Court.

Derry down, &c.

*The following Impromptu by the Hon. Thomas Erskine,
was occasioned by his being much indisposed one evening
at Lady Payne's, who very kindly made him retire and
lye down ; he soon returned with the following lines in
his hand, which he presented to her Ladyship.*

'TIS true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure, who never knew Payne.

TRANSLATIONS.

OF LORD BELGRAVE'S MEMORABLE QUOTATION,
AS INTRODUCED IN A SPEECH, DELIVERED
BY HIS LORDSHIP, IN A LATE DEBATE.

It is with singular satisfaction we communicate the following most excellent versions of Lord Belgrave's never-to-be-forgotten quotation ; trusting, as we sincerely do, that so mark'd an attention to his Lordship's scholarship may considerably console him under his melancholy failure as an orator.

LORD BELGRAVE'S Quotation.

Τὸν δαπαμειβομενὺς προσεφθ ποδας ποδας Ἀχιλλεύς.

Translation by Lord Grosvenor.

His dam was Thetis, Æacus his Sire,
And for his paces he was nam'd Highflyer.

Another by Sir Joseph Mawbey.

Achilles, who was quite a man of whim,
And also had a swift foot answer'd him——

Another by Sir Cecil Wray.

There was a man, Achilles was he call'd,
He had two feet, they were so swift, he bawl'd,
Or otherwise, he mought, I say, have fall'd.

}

Ano-

Another by Lord *Mornington*, and Lord *Graham*.
 With lightest heels oppos'd to heaviest head,
 To Lord Atrides, Lord Achilles said——

Another by the *Chancellor*.
 To him Achilles, with a furious nod,
 Replied, a very pretty speech, by G-d !

Another by Mr. *Grenville*.
 The Grecian Speaker rose with look so big,
 It spoke his bottom and nigh burst his wig——

Another by *Brook Watson*.
 Upstood Achilles on his nimble pegs,
 And said, “ May I *pree-seume* to show my legs ? ”

Another by Mr. *Wilberforce*.
 Achilles came forward to snivel and rant ;
 His spirit was spleen and his candour cant.

Another by Mr. *Pitt*.
 Frantic with rage, uprose the fierce Achilles ;
 “ How comfortably calm ! ” said Nestor Willis——

No. II.

IN answer to the many letters we have received, reproaching us for our delay in communicating the second number of these ingenious versions, we have only to plead the excessive pressure of public business at this important crisis, and to assure our correspondents, that no other cause could possibly have retarded the insertion of so just and honourable a tribute to the amiable, though unfortunate nobleman in question.—Undoubtedly it is to us the most flattering distinction, that whilst the boldness of other prints has alarmed his Grace of Richmond's loyalty, it has been our unvaried solicitude to avoid all harsher severities; to search for wit that can reconcile Lord Loughborough to satire; to produce the Rolliads, and the Probationary Odes—in short, by entertaining, not destroying the feelings; to make laughing, not libelling, the limit of our freedom.

In the immediate case, courted as we are by the best and most eminent of the Pittite Poets, we rejoice in communicating a series of translations, that rival the French Homers of La Valtiere or Dacier, and yield not to the English of Chapman or of Ogleby. —Happy Lord Belgrave! Happy Great Britain! Happy Morning Herald!

Lord BELGRAVE's Quotation.

Τον δα παμεισομευς προσεφη ποδας ποδας Αχιλλευς.

Trans-

Translation by Sir *John Scott*.

With metaphysic art his speech he plann'd,
And said what nobody could understand.

Another by Mr. *Bastard*.

The Trojan I oppose, he said, 'tis true,
But I abuse and hate Atrides too.

Another by Lord *Fawconberg*.

Enrag'd Achilles never would agree,
A "petty vote," a "menial slave," was he.

Another by Mons. Alderman *Le Mesurier*.

By gar, Achille he say, I make a you
Parler anoder launguage, *ventre bleu*!

Another by Lord *Westcote*.

Pliant and prompt in crane-neck curves to wheel,
Achilles rose, and *turn'd* upon his heel.

Another by Mr. *Wilbraham Bootle*.

In oily terms he urg'd the chiefs to peace,
For none was more a friend than he to *Grease*.

Another by Lord *Bayham*.

His conscious hat well-lin'd, with borrow'd prose,
The lubber chief in sulky mien arose ;
Elate with pride his long pent silence broke,
And could be but have *read*, he might have *spoke*.

Another

Another by Mr. *Dundas*.

Up the bra' chield arose, and weel I wis
To beath sides booing, begg'd 'em to dismiss
Their wordy warfare in "a general *peece*."*

Another by Mr. *York*.

This windy war, he swore, he could not hear;
So eas'd his troubles—by "a stream of *air*!†"

No. III.

CONFORMABLY to our expressed intention of giving every aid to the consolations of Lord Belgrave's disappointment, we should certainly have communicated the third number of the translations in yesterday's Herald, but for the great difficulty which occurred in decyphering that Latin one, which his Lordship himself has furnished, in characters very difficult to make out.

* It is impossible for the reader to comprehend the full force of this expression, unless he recollects the wonderful effect it produced in the House of Commons from Mr. Dundas's peculiar dialect, upon that memorable occasion, when that great *diuretic* orator, expatiating on Oriental tranquillity, assured the House, that "at that moment all India was at *peece*—Bengal was at *peece*—Tippo Sultan was at *peece*—The Mahrattas were at *peece*—Every creature in Indostan, he knew it for a *fact*, was comfortably at *peece* !!!"

† However sympathetic in politics, it is evident that the two last of these translators are at variance in philosophy—the former relying on the *hydraulic* system—the latter on the *pneumatic*.

Great,

Great, indeed, was our satisfaction to find, that, at the very moment when we are offering our advice to this young nobleman (as may be seen in our Tuesday's paper) to throw himself again on the benevolence of the House for a patient hearing, his Lordship had actually the fortitude to practise the lesson we prescribed—But will Lord Belgrave permit us to submit, as supplemental to that advice, our hearty desire that he would in future obtain some general information on the subject he means to treat of, or at least advert to what falls from other speakers, so as to appear not unapprized of the matter in discussion, but in a degree at least acquainted with the outline, a precaution which never fails to recommend a juvenile debater ; but, on the contrary, if assisted with the use of grammar, and other qualifications, very easily attained, insensibly overcomes that sort of noise and nausea, which the House at present, as it strikes us, expresses much too forcibly against this amiable adventurer in the wilds of debate.

Lord BELGRAVE's Quotation.

Τον δαπνμειβομενυς προσεφη ποδας ποδας Αχιλλευς.

Translation by Lord *Fawconberg*.

Achilles swore he felt by no means hurt,
At putting on great Agamemnon's shirt ;
He priz'd the honour, never grudg'd the trouble,
And only wish'd the profit had been double.

Another

Another by Lord *Winchelsea*.

With formal mien, and visage most forlorn,
The courtly hero *spoke* his *silent* scorn.

Another by Lord *Sydney*.

The chief, unknowing how he shou'd begin,
First darts around, 'th' opposing ranks to thin,
The lightnings of his eye, and terrors of his chin. }

Another by Mr. *Brandling*.

Achilles rose, and said, without the least offence,
The dog has neither courage, worth, nor sense.

Another by Lord *Belgrave*.

Huic, ceu Pittius ipse, cito repondit Achilles,
Namque (ut ego) Græceque sciens erat, & pede velox.

Another by the *Twelve Lords of the Bedchamber*,
in a passion.

Frantic with desperate rage, Achilles roar'd—
I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Lord.

Another by *Eighteen Bishops*, quite cool.

Now't came to pass, the Lord Achilles saith,
Hecate and Furies, Tartarus and death !

Another by Lord *Howe*.

Hawling his wind abaft Atrides' wake,
The copper-bottom'd son of Peleus spake.

THE WISH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF THE ARCH-
BISHOP OF HIPPO.

ADDRESSED TO THE SUPREME BEING.

SUCH is my most transcendent love for thee,
And such my self-denial touching me,
That were it possible that I
Had been the all-creating Deity,
And hadst thou worn, as I do now,
The sacred mitre on thy brow,
To thee my Deity I would resign,
And let the plain Archbishoprick be mine.

THE ABOVE PARODIED BY A POOR CURATE.

AS thou art Archbishop, and I a poor Curate,
My love for myself I own is obdurate ;
To thee my Curacy I would resign,
And let the plain Archbishoprick be mine.

S O N G.

THINK not, my love, when secret grief
Preys on my sadden'd heart,
Think not I wish a mean relief,
Or wou'd from sorrow part.

Dearly

Dearly I prize those sighs sincere
 That my true fondness prove,
 Nor could I bear to check the tear
 That flows from hapless love.

Alas! tho' doom'd to hope in vain
 The joys that love requite;
 Yet will I cherish all its pain,
 With sad, but dear delight.

This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be—
 But, dearest! may the pangs I bear
 Be never known by thee!

L A P L A N D S O N G.

BY SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BART.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

THE snows are dissolving on Torne's rude side,
 And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide!
 Thy dark streams, O Lulhea! flow freely away,
 And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to-day.

Remote, the keen terrors of winter retire,
 Where the north's dancing streamers relinquish their fire;
 Where the sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,
 And Enna chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The

The rein-deer, unharnes'd, in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odon's steep precipice stray ;
The wolf to the forests' recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky.

Then haste, my fair Lhea ! ah ! haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love :
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.

For the ASYLUM.

Mr. Editor,

THE inclosed Postscript to a Letter was yesterday
picked up at the Corner of Hertford street.

“ P. S. Amusing myself the other day with turning
over some pages of Pope, I was forcibly struck with the
following lines in the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard,
which, with the few alterations I have made in them,
appear strongly applicable to my present situation.

Yours, &c.

Madrid, Dec. 20, 1788.

W. E.”

*To Lord H*****.*

IN this grave Court, where dignity and pride
In ancient pomp and solemn state reside ;
Where equal to the haughtiest nobles plac'd,
My humble name with highest honours grac'd ;

Each

Each pray'r accepted, and each wish complete,
 I taste the pleasures of a rich retreat ;
 Secure from Sheridan's malicious sneer,
 Nor Burke's revenge, nor Fox's thunders fear :
 Here, restless chance to no misfortune dooms ;
 Here, in unfading splendor, Eden blooms :
 For rich appointments crown my darling schemes,
 And you have realiz'd my golden dreams.
 Yet, yet, I fear—from Hawksbury it came,
 And while I kiss, I tremble at the name ;
 Common dispatches own Caermarthen's hand,
 And Pitt in real business gives command—
 But when thy fatal letter I unclose,
 Th' important name awakens all my woes !

Oh ! name, for ever sad, for ever dear,
 First known in bribes, now usher'd with a tear !
 I shudder too so soon my own to find,—
 Recal and ruin follow close behind.
 Led thro' this sad variety of woe,
 His madness,—*Pitt's* disgrace,—your overthrow—
 I read with horror these decrees of fate—
 What bitter pangs on late repentance wait !
 Now warm in wealth, now with'ring in my bloom,
 I look to *Beck'nham's* solitary gloom,
 Where sunk in infamy no more to rise,
 You scarce will pity,—and all else despise.

Thou know'st, when first from *Addiscombe* you came,
 Corruption lurking under Friendship's name—

How guiltless then I listen'd to your suit,
 Half pleas'd, half frighten'd, and with wonder mute;
 Those winking eyes, eluding every ray,
 Adorn'd thy waving head in graceful play;
 But when thy tongue display'd thy tempting plan,
 From present wealth to future pension ran,
 Too soon you taught me, 'twas no sin to quit
 A falling cause, and sell myself to *Pitt*—
 Could I withstand such precepts urg'd by you,
 Who from yourself the great example drew?

How oft, while undecided, have I said,
 Curse on all ties but those which Int'rest made!
 Then free as air, from side to side I'd range
 As fortune turns, and to the strongest change:
 Let praise, let honuor wait the constant friend,
 Sacred his word and glorious his end:
 To all those views true policy is cold,
 Faith, fame, and honour, what are you to gold?
 Some jealous dæmons, watchful for our ill,
 Those nicer passions into man instill,
 And make mistaken politicians groan,
 Who serve their friends for ought but gain alone.

Oh! happy state! of place ne'er dispossefs'd—
 No craving void left aching in the breast,
 No angry vote, no threatening want annoys,
 No change of ministers confound our joys;
 This sure is blifs, if blifs on earth there be,
 And seem'd the lot of *Robinson* and me.—

Alas!

Alas ! how chang'd, what sudden horrors rise !
 My hope, my privy-seal imperfect lies.
 The crime was common, common be the pain ;
 Shall you the Pells and Dutchy still retain,
 While I, not only what I lose, regret,
 But what from Portland I was sure to get ;
 This dreadful thought augments my growing care,
 Envy embitters, and inflames Despair.

Can'st thou forget the sad but solemn day,
 The bargain fix'd, all scruples done away,
 When I with oaths confirm'd the shameless sale,
 Black Thurlow trembled, and Dundas grew pale ;
 Pitt scarce believ'd the conquest he survey'd,
 And Rose with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet then my soul, to secret promise true,
 Not on the minister was fix'd, but you ;
 Gain, not opinion, was my only call,
 And losing thy support, I lose my all.

Let the next post relieve my anxious woe.
 Tell me what hopes are left thee to bestow ;
 Say, how your Willis acts what you allot ;
 Does higher interference mend your plot ?
 From rumour'd *cures*, what strength your projects draw,
 What *fictions* have assum'd the force of law,
 What strong *restrictions* curb the Prince's sway,
 What insults your superior pow'r display,
 And teach him, thus degraded, to submit,
 To your high will the Queen's controul, and Pitt.

Think

Think, then, your care I merit, tho' abroad,
 Plant of thy hand, and nursling of thy fraud,
 From the whole world with confidence I fled,
 By thee to France and the Escorial led ;
 You swore at parting, your chief care should be
 To watch my fortunes, and provide for me ;
 If then o'er half the favours of the throne
 Your influence reigns, unrivall'd and alone,
 Oh! deem me form'd our gracious Queen to please
 The Household offers dignity and ease ;
 For there an ebon stick or iv'ry wand
 Might profitably grace your Eden's hand.

But should her scruples blast this bright design,
 Nor Ramus, Harcourt, nor a Page resign,
 Sure no rash tongue would ever dare reproach her
 To've made the King's Ambassador, Turnbroacher.*
 Let some kind promise sooth my lab'ring breast.
 Give what thou canst, and let me dream the rest.

How happy is the blameless Envoy's lot,
 The town forgetting, by the town forgot !
 No party politics disturb his mind,
 Who seals accepted, or who seals resign'd ;
 Whose truth unblemish'd, and whose talents known,
 Each party uses, and all councils own ;

* An office which ancient necessity had, it seems, rendered honourable ; but by the modern improvements in mechanics, and the introduction of jacks into the Royal kitchen for roasting meat, has fallen into a lucrative sinecure of 25l. per annum. See the Red Book !

For him, the Bath's unfading honours glow,
And pensions, unrestrain'd by Burke, shall flow.

Far other thoughts my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of once hop'd-for joy;
Fancy restores at close of each sad day,
What my perfidious folly snatch'd away;
'Twixt Fox and Sheridan I seem'd to sit,
And brave the terrors of opposing Pitt;
Now feel myself sublime on India's throne,
And what Dundas has left, is all my own;
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
Sometimes, I thee succeed, whom most I love:
I wake——The phantom vanishes in air,
And with returning reason leaves despair.

To dream once more, I close my willing eyes;
Ye dear illusions, Wealth and Pow'r, arise!
No more, alas!—I on a lonesome seat,
With wretched M——n and with Westcote meet,
Of treach'rous fools, a melancholy row,
To faithless men, we sad examples shew,
Who by our own mad lust of gold, undone,
The ruin hasten'd which we sought to shun.
Ev'n gentle Marlb'rough's spirit seems to rise,
Disdain and indignation in his eyes:
He spurns me from him—Newgate's front appears,
And clanging fetters rend my wounded ears—
I shriek, start up, and waking, joy to find
No heavier griefs than those I left behind.

If no unusual fate your plan attends,
 And with his office, Pitt should lose his friends ;
 Fox disappoint your bold ambitious aim,
 And vindicate the Prince's rightful claim ;
 Must I, with your defeat all chance resign ?
 No—I'll renounce thee, leave whate'er was thine ;
 Adopt the creed of more enlighten'd times,
 And by my zeal atone for former crimes.

I'll try the force of penitence and tears ;
 Unfeign'd repentance, Heav'n with mercy hears ;
 How black foe'er my damning sins appear,
 My recantation must be deem'd sincere :
 Or as before, by letters to them all,
 I'll say, my country's good, my country's call,
 My labours in a foreign land requir'd ;
 But now, my soul, by nobler int'rests fir'd,
 Pants to rejoin them, serve the common cause,
 The Throne, the Constitution, and the Laws,
 Uphold ; again their ancient standard bear,
 Partake their dangers, and their triumphs share.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some venal Statesman, some base Renegade ;
 They shew no more than prudent art requires,
 Than int'rest dictates, and deceit inspires ;
 The convert's wish, without his fears impart,
 Excuse his blushes, nor betray his heart——
 My skill by these, my shipwreck'd hopes shall save,
 Nor India boast a more successful knave.

W. E.

S T A N Z A S,

ADDRESSED TO MR. HERSCHEL, ON HIS LATE
ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

“ To warn proud cities, war appears

“ Wag’d in the troubled sky, and armies rush

“ To battle in the clouds.”

MILTON.

I.

WHEN to coerce a * patriot band,

In evil hour, Britannia rose,

The state-opticians of the land

Could look no farther than their nose :

Tho’ just beyond it † France was brewing

More mischief, to complete our ruin.

II.

Yet Herschel, who, great George to grace,

To a ‡ new star has given birth,

Which from his memory must efface

The *little spot* § he lost on earth :

As plainly as the sun at noon

Sees || burning mountains in the moon!

* America.

† The Rescript.

‡ A new planet, called by Herschel, the Georgium Sidus.

§ The Thirteen Colonies in North America.

|| Three volcanos in the moon, discovered by Herschel.

III.

Sydney! Carmarthen!—pray make room
 Among you for this wond'rous man :
 And to avert poor England's doom,
 See henceforth clearer—if ye can.
 Fierce contest, brooding in the sky,
 He marks to Pitt—for Pitt *looks high*.

IV.

The * *Balance trembles* in its sphere !
 With rage the hostile * *Lion's* † red !
 The * *Virgin* cannot calm our fear :
 Alas—† Elizabeth is dead.
 And in the * *Crab* we read our fate ;
 Sad emblem of our *backward* state !

V.

Yet tho' stern § *Mars* with angry glare,
 Wide-threatens this devoted ground ;
 And “ Comets from their horrid hair
 “ Shake war and pestilence around ; ”
 Our statesmen heed them not, but stare
 At || *Cassiopea's easy Chair* !

* Signs in the Zodiac.

† The arms of Holland are the Lion.

‡ Queen Elizabeth was in a manner mistress of Holland. She had what were called the cautionary towns belonging to the Dutch in her possession, who feared and courted her.

§ A planet as well as the god of war.

|| Cassiopea's Chair is a constellation.

VI.

Sure mark—they mean their *seats* to keep,
 In spite of each portentous *sign* ;
 But Vengeance, rousing from his sleep,
 Shall make them rue the wrath divine.
 Streaming in air, see * *Charles's Wane*,
 Warns his proud *ill-starr'd* † race in vain !

VII.

O Herschel !—if thy optic glass,
 Whose vast discoveries in the sky
 Each fam'd astronomer's surpasss,
 • *Another* planet should descry ;
 Thy Sovereign, tho' at first it shocks,
 O crown it with the name of *Fox* !

VIII.

For that would teach his pride to bear
 Th' insulting blow the ‡ French have given ;
 Who, zealous for thy honour, tear
 His name from the bright hosts of heaven.
 Heaven were not worth the Monarch's care,
 If *brighter stars* outshone him there.

* A star discovered at the period of Charles the Second's misfortunes,
 and called so from thence.

† The House of Han—r descended from James the First by the female
 line.

‡ The French astronomers have rejected the name of *Georgium Sidus*,
 and call it *Herschel*, in honour of its discoverer. *Sic transit gloria cœli* !

ON READING SEVERAL PARAGRAPHS IN THE
PAPERS RELATIVE TO DR. PARR'S WIG!

BISHOP H—d, Bishop H—d!

It is surely absurd,

Through the papers thy venom to spread ;
With sense small, and words big,
To bespatter the *wig*,
With the filth that's design'd for the *head*.

Thou may'st cry, though in vain,
That the *flower of thy train*,*
Their crackers *indignant* will fire !
Indignation—forsooth !—
Thou could'st preach in thy youth—
“ The labourer's worthy his hire.”

Yet thy Bards but betray
(Whether *cash* or *praise-pay*)
Their own weakness, and that of their cause :
For know that *a few*,†
Not of Warburton's crew,
Can judge *by true critical* ‡ laws.

* See Warburton's Divine Legation.

† Consult Warburton's Prefaces.

‡ Hurd on Horace.

Then still let them dream
 O'er so *fertile* a theme
 As the Doctor, Pipe, Wig, and Quotation :
 Seem to *doubt* who's the *friend*,
 Yet his rubbish commend,—
 Such for *thee* was *thy Patron's* § vocation.

Yet, for once change thy plan,
 Take the field like a man,
 Whither *Fortin's Goliath* invites :
 No “ deeds with without name ”—
 Print—publish—proclaim—
 Thus *the Beauty of Holiness* || writes.

NOLO EPISCOPARI.

I M P R O M P T U,

*On the alteration at both Theatres of admitting tickets of
 BONE, in the place of written orders.*

COVENT and DRURY's lot each man bemoans,
 Now chang'd to *charnel houses* fill'd with BONES.

§ “ The author of *The Delicacy of Friendship*, if I know who was the author, for the pamphlet was published before I had so much as heard of its contents, is a man of very superior talents, of genius, learning, and virtue, indeed a principal ornament of the age he lives in,” &c. &c.—all equally fulsome.—So writes *Warburton* to *Loub.*

|| Bishop's H—d's name, or rather *nick name*, not an hundred miles from St. James's, is *The Beauty of Holiness*.—Pray will *that* do at Court ?

E P I.

E P I G R A M,

*Addressed to the COUNTESS OF JERSEY, on her picture
at the Exhibition, painted by Maria Cofway.*

JERSEY, why wave in air thy wand around,
Or trace the magic circle on the ground,
More potent charms and strong enchantments lie
Within the magic circle of thine eye ;
Those are the fascinating spells, that prove
Thy proud dominion o'er the realms of Love.

ON TWO LATE
LONSDALE PROMOTIONS.

OF old, ere wise concord united this isle,
Our neighbours at Scotland were foes at Carlisle :
But now what a change have we here on the border,
When *Douglas* is Bishop, and *Roswell* Recorder.

Scotch Street, Carlisle,

May 1788.

FROM KHOOSRO,

BY THOMAS LAW, ESQ.

USELESS doctor, quit my pillow,
 All thy remedies are vain :
 The sight of her whom he adores,
 Can only cure the lover's pain.
 The world asserts that Khoofro pays
 His homage to an idol's shrine :
 I do, I do, to that resign'd,
 The world has not a thought of mine.
 Love's idolatry I follow,
 No other worship I approve !
 I need not wear the Pagan cord,
 Every nerve is strung to love.

EPIGRAM ON LADY A—.

ANTIENT Phyllis has YOUNG graces,
 'Tis a strange thing, but a true one :
 Shall I tell you how ?
 She herself makes her own faces,
 And each morning wears a new one :
 Where's the wonder now ?

The following verses have never appeared in print. They came to me after passing through several hands from the representative of the late Mr. Quin, to whom Mr. Garrick sent them with the following memorandum, which you will see is in his own hand writing. N. B. Mr. Quin is intreated by the author not to trust the above out of his own hands. After the lapse of so many years as have passed since these lines were written, I believe every reason that then subsisted for the above injunction must be at an end; and therefore it seems no longer necessary to withhold them from the public.

C. D.

VERSES UPON THE ROAD,

TO LORD JOHN CAVENDISH.

Facit Indignatio.

WHILST all with sighs their way pursue
 From Chatfworth's blest abode,
 My mind still fires, my Lord, at you,
 And thus bursts out in ode.

Forgive my phrenzy, good Lord John,
 For Passion's my Apollo:
 Sweet Hebe says—when sense is gone,
 That nonsense needs must follow.

Like Indian knife, or Highland sword,
 Your words have hewn and hack'd me ;
 Whilst Quin, a rebel to his Lord,
 Like his own Falstaff back'd me.

In vain I bounce, and fume, and fret,
 Swear Shakespeare is divine ;
 Fitzherbert * can awhile forget
 His pains to laugh at mine.

Lord Frederick, George, and eke his Grace,
 My honest zeal deride :
 Nay Hubert's melancholy face
 Smirks on your Lordship's side.

With passion, zeal, and punch misled,
 Why goad me on to strife ?
 Why send me to a restless bed,
 And disappointed wife ?

This my reward ! and this from you !
 Is't thus you Bowman † treat ?
 Who eat more toads than *you know who*,
 Each night did strawberries eat.

Did I not mount the dun-drawn chaise,
 And sweat for many a mile ?
 And gave his Grace's skill much praise,
Grinning a ghastly smile !

* William Fitzherbert, Esq. of Tissington, member for Derby.

† The name of a character in *Lethe*.

Did I not elfewhere risk my bones,
 My Lord-Duke's freaks took pride in ?
 Did I not trot down hills of stones,
 And call it pleasant riding ?

Did I not all your feats proclaim,
 Nor once from duty shrink ?
 In flattery I funk my fame ;
 A Bowman ev'n in drink.

Did I not oft my conscience force,
 Against its dictates swear ?
 Have I not prais'd Lord George's horse ?
 Nay, ev'n your Lordship's mare ?

Did I not oft in rain and wind,
 O'er hills, thro' vallies roam,
 When wiser folk would lag behind,
 And spaniels staid at home ?

Have I not with your natives fed,
 The worst of all my labours,
 And ventur'd both my ears and head
 Among your scalping neighbours ?

Not Quin's more blest with calipee,
 Fitzherbert in his puns,
 Lord John in contradicting me,
 Lord Frederick with his nuns,

Than I am blest in Shakespeare's muse!

Each drop within my standish,
Each drop of blood for him I'll lose,
As firm as any Ca'ndish.

As Whig you gain the world's applause,
For once a Tory shine ;

A Tory once in Shakespeare's cause,
And *feel* his right divine !

Attack my wife, my patent tear,
Do deeds without a name !
Burn, kill, or ravish, Lord ! but spare,
O spare my Shakespeare's fame !

Did not Dean Barker * wisely preach,
Opinion may be sin ?

Did not his sermon wisely teach,
To cleanse ourselves within ?

From infidelity awake !
O melt your heart of stone ;
Conceal your errors for my sake,
Or mend them for your own.

D. G.

* The Rev. William Barker, M. A. Dean of Raphoe. He died about 1777.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ADMINISTRATION.

AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDASS.

Crescit occulto, velut arbor ævo,
Fama Marcelli ; micat inter omnes
Scotizæ Sidus ; velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

HOR.

I.

DUNDASS!—the friend of every side,
To Shelburne, North, and Pitt ally'd,
Still leads in honour's race :
Tho' Eden, of inferior fame,
With simp'ring cheek, unting'd by shame,
Assumes the second place.

II.

In moving tones you best can tell,
By what base arts firm Pigott fell,
Indignant, just, and brave ;
The false Nabob with streaming eyes,
To you alone for mercy cries
His forfeit wealth to save.*

III.

* The late Lord Pigott was removed from his government, and imprisoned through the insidious politics and intrigues of the Nabob of Arcot. The Council at Madras, justly incensed by this insidious conduct,

III.

By your control, compell'd to pay
 The *fine*,—he weeps the live long day,
 And counts the dreadful score ;
 Benfield, for vengeance hears thy call,
 Tho' Arcot kneeling, sighs, *Paul, Paul!*
 Ah, persecute no more !

IV.

Vain is the hoary Traitor's art,
 By pray'rs to touch thy honest heart,
 And gain the Rajah's land :*
 The bonds—the bonds ! thy virtue show ;
 Ev'n Rumbold calls you generous foe,
 And clasps your open hand.

V.

duct, laid a heavy fine on his Highness ; and to enforce the penalty, several of them took the Nabob's bonds payable to themselves. This very spirited and honourable proceeding of the Council has been most maliciously and invidiously represented by Mr. Burke, in his speech of Feb. 28th, 1785. The present Board of Control began their India administration by expressly ordering the Nabob to discharge these bonds, and appointed Paul Benfield, Esq, their agent, to compel a strict and prompt obedience to their commands : this exemplary act of justice has been universally applauded by a generous and discerning public.

* A short extract from Mr. Burke's calumniating speech must excite the indignation of every reader : " Every one," says he, " but tolerably conversant in India affairs, must know that the existence of this little kingdom [Tanjour] depends on its control over the river Cavery. The use of this river is, indeed, at length given to the
 " Rajah,

V.

Fain would my muse the worth display
Of those enroll'd by you for pay ;

But still they foil my lays :

Their effigies, by Lansdown plac'd,*

High on his trees, in rural taste,

Shall long record their praise.

VI.

“ Rajah, and a power provided for its enjoyment *at his own charge* ;
“ but the means of furnishing that, (and a mighty one it is) are wholly
“ cut off. This use of the water, which ought to have no more con-
“ nection than clouds, and rain, and sunshine, with the politics of the
“ Rajah, the Nabob, and the Company, is expressly contrived as a
“ means of enforcing demands and arrears of tribute.”

* Mr. Maclean, it is confidently said, transferred to his esteemed and beloved patron, the Marquis of Lansdown, a bond of 20,000*l.* passed by the Nabob to him :—to honour his friend's memory, and to pay a compliment to this whole associated band of honest creditors and virtuous citizens, the Marquis has employed an eminent artist to paint their effigies, and to suspend them as ornaments in his woods. At the same time, I am happy to have an opportunity of paying my small tribute of applause to this distinguished nobleman, whose taste, public spirit, and munificence are so universally admired, and so justly celebrated. This truly British Statesman, after giving peace to Europe, resigned his great employments, to the infinite regret of his gracious Sovereign, and the whole kingdom. In his literary, rural, and philosophic retirement, at Bow-wood, in Somersetshire, near Bath, he enjoys that happiness which he could never find in the bustle and intrigues of courts. — *Inter Sylvas Academi quærere Verum*, seems to be his whole pursuit, and the only object of his ambition. His house is, indeed, a perfect Academy or Lyceum,

VI.

Around the throne, this grateful band,
 In Eastern spoils and splendour stand,
 And on their Sov'reign gaze :
 The Queen with smiles benignant shines,
 As they describe the Nizam's mines,
 Where wond'rous diamonds blaze.

VII.

Tho' Burke and Francis may supply
 A specious tale, or splendid lye,
 You'll *vote* it all a story :
 Like Eden, bloom Rohilla-groves,
 Where many a gallant chieftain roves,
 And dreams of Hastings' glory.

VIII.

There Rajahs hang consign'd to fate,
 For Gentoo Laws are out of date,
 Tho' Nuncomar exclaims !*

Since

Lyceum, frequented by the most distinguished philosophers, statesmen, and soldiers of the age ; such as Mr. Penn, Dr. Price, Alderman Townsend, General Paoli, Dr. Priestly, Colonel Barré, Sir John Jarvis, K. B. Madame, or Chevalier D'Eon, Mr. Baring, Mr. Orde, and also every foreigner distinguished for talents or ingenuity. Monsieur Texier and Monsieur Thiemet, the famous ventriloquist, speak in raptures of the Marquis of Lansdowne's generosity and abilities.

* Perhaps the annals of mankind do not exhibit such an exemplary act of justice, as the execution of the Rajah Nuncomar ; the forgery.

for

Since Impey, righteous Judge, arose
 And our fam'd *Act* that shields the nose,
 Protects soft India's dames,*

XI.

Yon plundered Begum, too, shall tell,
 How at her feet the Hero fell,

for which he suffered was committed nine years before the British law was enacted, and the law itself expressly stipulated the subsequent period at which the penal laws were to have effect, viz. the 1st of August, 1774. But Sir Elijah Impey was determined to convince the desperate, profligate, and rebellious natives of Hindostan, that neither rank nor dignity should screen the guilty. Thus, in hanging Nuncomar by an *ex post facto* law, he impressed a salutary terror on the minds of the Hindoos. Sir Elijah Impey was determined to convince them, that they could cherish no hope of escaping condign punishment for crimes committed after the 1st of August, 1774, when they even saw the Rajah, or Prince Nuncomar, ignominiously executed for a crime committed in the year 1765. Though Sir Elijah lived in bitter enmity with Mr. Hastings at the time, yet he would not stop the course of justice to gratify his resentment, but generously adjudged Nuncomar to death, who had alledged crimes of a high nature against the Governor General.

* The punishment for adultery is severe and cruel by the Gentoo laws. A Hindoo, who had discovered his wife intriguing with a young writer at Calcutta, treated her according to the custom of the country, viz. first flitting her nose and ears, and then abandoning her to disgrace and infamy: the lover, justly irritated, prosecuted the Hindoo, and he was condemned to be hanged on the *Coventry Act*. His pardon was obtained, with great difficulty, by the pressing solicitations, and even tears of Mrs. Hastings.

He could alone appease her : *
 Sage Thurlow on the fact refines ;
 And Alexander, Hastings shines ! †
 And Major Scott—a Cæsar ! §

X.

* After the Nabob of Oude had robbed and plundered his mother the Begum, Mr. Hastings, by his irresistible address, gentle insinuations, and almost *womanish tenderness*, perfectly convinced her that no other means could at the instant be devised to preserve the British empire in India. He won so much on her affections, and conciliated her so entirely to his system of government, that she forgave her son the Nabob, and offered Mr. Hastings a most magnificent and valuable present.

† Lord Thurlow declared in the House of Lords, in his panegyrical oration on Mr. Hastings, that of all modern heroes he most resembled Alexander the Great. Indeed his treatment of the Begum brings strongly to our recollection Alexander's behaviour to Darius's widow in similar circumstances. The enemies of Mr. Hastings affect to say, that the resemblance between him and Alexander can only be made out by the following passage from Quintus Curtius, by which it appears that the Macedonian hero was determined to exterminate a whole people because they had seized his favourite horse Bucephalus :—" Majore ergo quam decebat, ira simul ac dolore stimulatus equum vestigare jussit ; & per interpretem pronunciari ne reddidissent neminem esse victurum."—This malignant insinuation has been already obviated by the brilliant eloquence of Mr. Vansittart, who proved, to the entire satisfaction of a large majority of the House, that the Rohillas were *exterminated*, that is *massacred*, merely by an error in translating a Persian word, which bears *both* significations. Mr. Vansittart charmed the House by his classic taste, in an apt quotation from Shakespeare on this occasion :—" Iago," said he, " in advising Roderigo to assassinate Cassio, tells him " he must be *removed* ; Roderigo, surprised, asks him what he means ? " Iago answers, Why, to *remove* him, is to knock his brains out."

§ Major

X.

Two lacks !—a present from Cheyt Sing : *

A culprit's offering to a King, †

Who India's empire ruled,

Proclaim the softness of his heart ;

For tho' he scorn'd the rebel's art,

He kindly took his gold. ‡

XI.

§ Major Scott and Julius Cæsar were both soldiers of fortune ; and wrote their own Commentaries ;—the Major's file in a Morning Paper, in point of precision and elegance, is confessedly superior to Cæsar's ; especially in his narrative of the diamond.

* Mr. Hastings accepted two lacks of rupees (about 20,000l.) from Cheyt Sing ; at the very time he had fined him 500,000l. for his contumacy and rebellion. This is an illustrious proof (among many) of the generosity, and melting goodness of his heart ;—though in his public capacity as Governor General, he was obliged to be inexorable and severe ; yet as Mr. Hastings, he still found the happy means of displaying his humane, mild and beneficent disposition, which, to use his own words, “ had impressed all persuasions of men with a superstitious belief, that a fortunate influence directed all my actions to their *destined* “ *ends* ; as my political conduct was invariably directed by truth, justice, and good faith.” “ Upon mature reflection,” says he, “ I “ determined neither to inform the Council of the transaction, nor to “ return the money to Sada-Nund, (Cheyt Sing's minister) having “ once consented to accept it.”—Minutes of Mr. Hastings's Defence, Charge 7.

† “ If he (Cheyt Sing) were a great prince, -I, (Warren Hastings, Esq.) representing his Sovereign (the Court of Directors and Proprietors in Leadenhall-street) might seem a great king !”——Ditto.

‡ “ I gradually lowered my demands to one thousand horse ; he of-

XI.

O Scotia's pride, thy fine-turn'd wit
 And polish'd stile bewitches Pitt,
 With every grace endu'd—
 Tho' Fox, or his malignant friend,
 May sneering say—how sweetly blend
 The Prostitute and Prude.

XII.

Thro' every shop, Pitt's praise resounds,
 And wafted thro' the hawkers' bounds,
 From every Justice rings!
 Ev'n Bawds applaud him, tho' he's chaste,
 Since the tax'd maid, with duteous haste,
 Her virgin treasure brings.

XIII.

Britain her surplus thanks will pay,
 To him, who wipes her debts away,]
 And schemes a mild Excise;
 Cheap commutation tea shall sip,
 And hail his name with wine-ting'd lip,
 From whom such blessings rise.

“fered but five hundred. My patience was exhausted by such repeated
 “acts of contumacy; and I was determined to convert them into an
 “advantage to the Company's affairs.”——Ditto.

XIV.

XIV.

Sir Joseph chaunts to birth-day tunes,*
 Scarps, glacis, horn-works and half-moons,
 And Richmond's triumph sings;
 Sir George's muse alone is able†
 To sketch his fix brick towers of Babel;
 And charm the best of kings.

XV.

While Kenyon's conscience makes it law,
 A scrutiny may faction awe,
 And check their daring choice;
 His generous blood now mounts in fury,
 As Loughbro' coaxes a pack'd jury
 To speak a party's voice.

XVI.

Miss in her teens—Pitt's nod obeys, ‡
 Circassia's bloom her tribute pays,

And

* There is a beautiful propriety in his Grace of Richmond's choosing Sir Joseph Mawbey to celebrate his praises; a certain congeniality of sentiment, and sympathetic feelings between the hero and the poet, are sufficiently obvious.

† Sir George Howard, K. B. celebrated for his poetical talents; he is likewise an excellent horse officer, and a great favorite with his royal master. "For six brick towers upon the beach between South Sea Castle and Cumberland Fort, 330,000l."—Ordnance Fortification estimates for 1786.

‡ A poetico-politico personification of the Perfumery Bill; Miss in her Teens Water, is one of the articles of luxury, taxed by our incomparable young statesman.

And all his wishes meets ;
 Blushing with *rouge*, each modest Grace,
 With milk of roses from King's-Place,
 Entrance him in their sweets.

XVII.

For Pitt, Hibernia tunes her lyre,
 Freedom and wealth her song inspire,
 Which sounds from shore to shore ;
 In cotton webs she weaves his name,
 And Wedgwood's ware shall spread his fame,
 Till trade shall be no more .

A CONGRATULATORY ODE.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JEN-
 KINSON, ON HIS BEING CREATED LORD
 HAWKESBURY.

Quem verum aut heroa lyra vel acri
 Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio ?

Quem Deum ? Cujus recinet jocosa

Nomen imago ?

HOR.

JENKY, for you I'll wake the lyre,
 Tho' not with Laureat Warton's fire,
 Your hard-won meed to grace :
 Gay was your air, your visage blithe,
 Unless when Fox has made you writhe,
 With tortur'd Marfyas' face.

No more you'll dread such pointed sneers,
 But safely skulk amidst your Peers,
 And slavish doctrines spread ;
 As some ill-omen'd baneful yew
 That sheds around a poisonous dew,
 And shakes its rueful head.

Your frozen heart ne'er learn'd to glow
 At other's good, nor melt at woe ;
 Your very roof is chilling ;
 There bounty never spreads her ray,
 You e'en shut out the light of day,*
 To save a paltry shilling.

A Prince, by servile knaves address'd,
 Ne'er takes a Dempster to his breast,
 Jack Rob'son serves his ends ;
 Unrivall'd stood the treach'rous name,
 Till envious Eden urg'd his claim,
 While both betray their friends.

* Mr. Jenkinson exhibited a laudable example of political economy, by shutting up several of his windows at his seat near Croydon, on the passing of the Commutation Act. His Majesty's *bon mot* on this occasion should not be forgotten. "What, what, (said the Royal Jester,) do my subjects complain of? Jenky tells me he does not pay as much to the window tax as he did before. Why then don't my people do like Jenky?"

On whom devolves your back-stairs cloak,
When prophet-like “you mount as smoke?”*

Must little Powney catch it?
But as ’tis rather worse for wear,
Let mighty Bucks take special care
To brush it well and patch it.

While o’er his loyal breast so true
Great G—— expands the ribband blue,
There—honor’s star will shine:
As Rawdon was bold Richmond’s Squire,
To install a Knight so full of fire,
—Let Aston, Bucks, be thine.

Jenky, pursue Ambition’s task,
The King will give whate’er you ask,
Nor heed the frowns of Pitt:
Tho’ proud he’ll truckle to disgrace,
By feudal meanness keep his place,†
And turn the royal spit.

* A beautiful oriental allusion borrowed from Mr. Hastings’s Ode.

“And care like *smoke* in turbid wreathes,
“Round the gay ceiling flies.”

† Finchfield.—Co. Essex.

John Campes held this manor of King Edward III. by the service
of turning the spit at his coronation.—

Camden’s Britannia—article Essex.

With

With faintly Hill, divide your glory,*
No true King's friend, on such a tory,

The peerage door will shut ;
Canting, he'll serve both Church and Throne,
And make the Reverend Bench your own,
By piety and sinut.

Banks at his side, demure and fly,
Will aptly tell a specious lye,
Then speed the royal summons :
He's no raw novice in the trade,
His honour's now a battered jade,
Pitt flung it to the Commons.

While Thurlow damns these cold delays,
Mysterious diamonds vainly blaze,
The impending vote to check ;

* The King magnanimously refused to create either Sir Richard Hill, or Mr. Banks, Peers, that the singular honour bestowed *solely* by his Majesty might be more conspicuous, and that Mr. Pitt's humiliation might no longer be problematic. Sir Richard had composed a beautiful sacred cantata on the occasion, dedicated to his brother, the Rev. Rowland Hill ;—the first stanza alludes, by an apt quotation from the 68th Psalm, to the elevation and dignities of the family :

“ Why hop so high, ye little *Hills*,”

With joy, the Lord's anointed fills ;

Let's pray with one accord !

In sleepless visions of the night,

North's cheek I smote with all my might,

For which I'm made a Lord, &c. &c.

K. B. and Peer, let Hastings shine,
Impey, with pride, will closely twine
The collar round his neck.

Ennobling thus the mean and base,
Our gracious S————'s art we trace,
Affail'd by factions bold ;
So prest, great Frederick rose in fame,
On *pots de chambre* stamp'd his name,*
And pewter pass'd for gold.

Should restive Sydney keep the seal,
Jenky, still shew *official* zeal,
Your friend, your master charm ;
Revive an Anglo-Saxon place,†
Let George's feet your bosom grace,
Your love will keep them warm.

* The King of Prussia replenished his exhausted treasury in the war of 1756, by a coinage of pewter ducats.

† “ Besides the twenty-four officers above described, there were eleven others of considerable value in the courts of the ancient Princes, the most remarkable of which was; that of the King's feet-bearer; this was a young gentleman, whose duty it was to sit on the floor, with his back towards the fire, and hold the King's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at table, to keep them warm and comfortable.—

Leges Walliæ—p. 58.

Henry's History of Great Britain—v. 2. p. 275.

T H E B U L S E.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Strophe the First.

WHENCE upon the dazzled sight
 Beams the strong reflected light ?
 Whence proceed those lucid rays,
 That on the bard's rapt fancy blaze ?
 It is ! it is !—the well known *Bulse*,
 Sent to feel the Royal pulse—
 To fire the poet's brain,
 To call his ardent strain ;
 And tune his honour'd lyre
 To mortal lays—that never shall expire,
 The while it sheds its lustre o'er the cheek of Night.

Antistrophe the First.

Hail, brightest gem of orient birth !
 Happiest produce of the earth !
 Yet happier, brighter far thy present state ;
 Doom'd to charm a monarch's eye,
 Who aided by the magnifying power
 Another Herschel !—can espy
 In Hastings' conduct all that's good and great.
 Whilst viewing thee
 With ceaseless glee,
 In solitude he spends the grateful hour.

Epode the First.

Yet are not thy charms confin'd
 To royal GEORGE's eye or mind,
 Thou Talisman of more than magic force ;
 For peerless Jenky*—back-stair wight,
 Anxious to behold thy light,
 Gently creeping,
 Slily peeping,
 In practis'd paces to the closet stole.
 Propitious Fate in time direct his course—
 The monarch to his favorite's sight
 Displays thy charms, and agitates his soul.

Strophe the Second.

Swift his fancy onward flies,
 Like meteors through the skies ;
 And to thy native spot his vision bears,
 Their shapes a different-form assume,—
 Imaginary harvests bloom,
 And war's loud tumults seem—the Music of the Spheres.
 The " Oppressor's wrong"—the Matron's woe—
 The Virgin's tears—fell Rapine's blow—
 The sacred Robe of Justice all conceals,
 Whilst o'er each sense thy wond'rous radiance steals.

* The hypercritical reader may perhaps think this appellation somewhat beneath the dignity of the ode ; but as in our opinion, there is as little honour in *another* name, we have chosen that by which the party is best known.

Ecstatic dreams his soul possessed,
 For lo! there shines upon his breast
 A Star *ideal* of thy fragments made,
 When by the artist's cautious hand,
 At sovereign G——'s dread command,
 Thy polish'd worth is to the world display'd.

Antistrophe the Second.

Hence results the mighty change—
 Hence his glowing fancy burns—
 And hence his thoughts with wond'rous range,
 O'er Peers and Commoners revolve by turns.
 He sees the *fluent, placid* Sydney, bow,
 And looks to *sapient* Carmarthen's aid—
 Peruses Lansdown's dark *ambiguous* brow—
 And as a favorite is the B——p's G—
 To Canterbury gives the nod,
 And sees the *mitred* corps with pliant haste arrayed.
 Then backward bids obedient memory run,
 To view the Major's fond assiduous pains,
 And mark the mighty things he would have done,
 If niggard nature had but given him—brains.
 Pity dropping from his eyes,
 Nichols next he sees arise,
 Dull “as the weed that roots on Lethe's shore;”
 And Burges, with complacent grin,
 Still th' eternal nonsense spin,

And rival * Campbell in somnific power,
 Whilst sage Macdonald martyrs Hastings' cause,
 And owls exulting hoot the fit applause.

Epode the second.

In ecstasy, thus Jenky's soul,
 Rang'd thro' the circle of his power,
 Whilst the monarch's optics roll,
 And fix alternate on the gem,
 Fated to grace his diadem,
 With splendor eastern † Nizams never knew,
 With brilliance to make german cousins stare,
 And light each scene from Buckingham to Kew.—
 When justice from her sphere descending,
 Majesty with anger blending,
 Appeared before the contemplative pair,
 At her approach, the gem no longer bright,
 Dimm'd by superior radiance; falls unseen,
 The monarch looked a broader stare,
 A fallow paleness mark'd the favorite's fright,
 And stern conviction chased them from the scene.

* The present L— A—— of Scotland; a gentleman as remarkable for political *acumen*, as his predecessor has been for *modest consistency*; and who sometimes actually escapes without disapprobation of the H— of C—— because he is not *heard*.

† When the celebrated subject of this ode was first presented, some ingenious gentlemen feigned that it came from the Nizam of the Deccan; but this must have been a falshood, for it was *never believed* at court,

THE STATESMEN:*

AN ECLOGUE.

LANSDOWNE.

WHILE on the Treasury-Bench you, *Pitt*, recline;
 And make men wonder at each vast design;
 I, hapless man, my harsher fate deplore,
 Ordain'd to view the regal face no more;
 That face which erst on me with rapture glow'd, 5
 And smiles responsive to my smiles bestow'd:
 But now the Court I leave, my native home,
 "A banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to roam;"
 While you to senates, *Brunswick's* mandates give,
 And teach white-wands to chaunt his high prerogative. 10

PITT.

Oh! *Lansdowne*, 'twas a more than mortal pow'r
 My fate controul'd, in that auspicious hour,

* *The Statesmen*.—It will be unnecessary to inform the classical reader, that this Eclogue evidently commences as an imitation of the 1st of *Virgil*—the Author, however, with a boldness perfectly characteristic of the personages he was to represent, has, in the progress of this work, carefully avoided every thing like a too close adherence to his original design.

Line 8.—*A banish'd man, &c.*] Vide the noble Marquis's celebrated speech, on the no less celebrated Irish Propositions.

When *Temple* deign'd the dread decree to bring,
 And stammer'd out the *firman* of the King :
 That power I'll worship as my household god, 15
 Shrink at his frown, and bow beneath his nod ;
 At every feast his presence I'll invoke,
 For him my kitchen fires shall ever smoke ;
 Not mighty *Hastings*, whose illustrious breath
 Can bid a Rajah live, or give him death, 20
 Though back'd by *Scott*, by *Barwell*, *Palk*, and all
 The sable squadron scowling from *Bengal* ;
 Not the bold chieftain of the tribe of *Phipps*,
 Whose head is scarce less handsome than his ship's ;
 Not bare-breech'd *Graham*, nor bare-witted *Rose*, 25
 Nor the *great Lawyer* with the *little Nose* ;

Line 14.—*And stammer'd out the firman, &c.*] When a language happens to be deficient in a word to express a particular idea, it has been ever customary to borrow one from some good-natured neighbour, who may happen to be more liberally furnished. Our author, unfortunately, could find no nation nearer than Turkey, that was able to supply him with an expression perfectly apposite to the sentiment intended to be here conveyed.

Line 25.—*Not bare-breech'd Graham.*] His Lordship, some time since, brought in a bill to relieve his countrymen from those habiliments, which in England are deemed a necessary appendage to decorum, but among our more northern brethren are considered as a degrading shackle upon natural liberty. Perhaps, as the noble Lord was then on the point of marriage, he might intend this offering of his *opima spolia*, as an elegant compliment to Hymen.

Not even *Villiers* self shall welcome be,
To dine so oft, or dine so well as he.

LANSDOWNE.

Think not these sighs denote one thought unkind,
Wonder, not Envy, occupies my mind ; 30
For well I wot on that unhappy day,
When *Britain* mourn'd an empire giv'n away ;
When rude impeachments menac'd from afar,
And what gave peace to *France*—to us was war ;
For awful vengeance Heav'n appear'd to call, 35
And agonizing Nature mark'd our fall.
Dire change! *Dundas's* cheek with blushes glow'd,
Grenville was dumb, *Mahon* no frenzy show'd ;
Though *Drake* harangu'd, no slumber *Gilbert* fear'd,
And *Mulgrave's* mouth like other mouths appear'd. 40
In vain had *Bellamy* prepared the meat ;
In vain the porter—*Bamber* could not eat ;
When *Burke* arose, no yell the curs began,
And *Rolle*, for once, half seem'd a gentleman :
Then name this god, for to *St. James's Court*, 45
Nor gods nor angels often make resort.

PITT.

In early youth misled by Honour's rules,
That fancied Deity of dreaming fools,
I simply thought, forgive the rash mistake,
That Kings should govern for their People's sake : 50
G 6 But

But Reverend *Jenky* soon these thoughts suppress,
 And drove the glittering phantom from my breast ;
Jenky ! that sage, whom mighty *George* declares,
 Next *Schwellenberg*, great on the back stairs :
 'Twas *Jenkinson*—ye Deacons catch the sound ! 55
 Ye Treasury scribes the sacred name rebound !
 Ye pages sing it—echo it, ye Peers !
 And ye who best repeat, Right Reverend Seers !
 Whose pious tongues no wavering fancies sway,
 But like the needle ever point one way. 60

LANSDOWNE.

Thrice happy youth ! secure from every change,
 Thy beasts unnumber'd, 'mid the Commons range ;
 While thou, by *Jove*'s æthèrial spirit fir'd,
 Or by sweet *Brunswick*'s sweeter breath inspir'd,
 Another *Orpheus*, every bosom cheer, 65
 And sticks, and stocks, and stones roar *hear ! hear ! hear !*

Line 51.—*But Reverend Jenky.*] Our author here, in some measure deviating from his usual perspicuity, has left us in doubt whether the term *Reverend* is applied to the years or to the profession of the gentleman intended to be complimented. His long experience in the secrets of the Critical Review and Buckingham House would well justify the former supposition ; yet his early admission into Deacon's Orders will equally support the latter : our readers therefore must decide, while we can only sincerely exult in his Majesty's enjoyment of a man, whose whole pious life has been spent in sustaining that beautiful and pathetic injunction of scripture, " Serve God, and honour the King."

Rais'd by the pipe the savage tribes advance,
 And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance :
 For me no cattle now my steps attend,
 Ev'n *Price* and *Priestly*, wearied, scorn their friend ; 70
 And these twin sharers of my festive board,
 Hope of my flock, now seek some richer Lord.

PITT.

Sooner shall *Effingham* clean linen wear,
 Or *Mornington* without his star appear ;
 Sooner each prisoner *Buller's* law escape ; 75
 Sooner shall *Queensberry* commit a rape ;
 Sooner shall *Powney*, *Howard's* noddle reach ;
 Sooner shall *Thurlow* hear his brother preach ;
 Sooner with *Vestris*, *Bootle* shall contend ;
 Sooner shall *Eden* not betray his friend ; 80
 Sooner *Dundas* an Indian bribe decline ;
 Sooner shall I my chastity resign ;
 Sooner shall *Rose* than *Prettyman* lie faster,
 Than *Pitt* forget that *Jenkinson's* his master.

Line 70.—*And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance.*] The beautiful allusion here made to that glorious state of doubt and obscurity, in which our youthful Minister's measures have been invariably involved, with its consequent operations on the stockholders, is here most fortunately introduced.—What a striking contrast does Mr. *Pitt's* conduct, in this particular, form to that of the Duke of *Portland*, Mr. *Fox*, and your other plain matter of fact men!

Line 83.—*Sooner shall Rose than Prettyman lie faster.*] This beautiful compliment to the happy art of embellishment, so wonderfully possessive

LANSDOWNE.

Yet oft in times of yore I've seen thee stand,
 Like a tall May-pole, 'mid the patriot band ;
 While with reforms you tried each baneful art,
 To wring fresh sorrows from your Sovereign's heart ;
 That heart, where every virtuous thought is known,
 But modestly looks up and keeps them all his own. 90

PITT.

'Twas then that *Pitt*, for youth such warmth allows,
 To wanton Freedom paid his amorous vows ;
 Lull'd by her smiles, each offer I withstood,
 And thought the greatest bliss my country's good.
 'Twas pride, not passion, madden'd in my brain : 95
 I wish'd to rival *Fox*, but wish'd in vain ;
Fox, the dear object of bright Freedom's care,
Fox, still the favorite of the *British* fair ;
 But while with wanton arts the syren strove
 To fix my heart, and wile me to her love ;
 Too soon I found my hasty choice to blame,
 —Freedom and Poverty are still the same—
 While piles of massy gold his coffers fill,
 Who votes subservient to his Sovereign's will.

seduced by this *par nobile fratrum*, merits our warmest applause ; and the skill of our author no where appears more conspicuous than in this line, where, in refusing to give to either the pre-eminence, he bestows the *ne plus ultra* of excellence on both.

LANSDOWNE.

Enough, break off—on *Richmond* I must wait ;
 And *Debbieg* too will think I stay too late ;
 Yet ere I go some friendly aid I'd prove,
 The last sad tribute of a master's love.
 In that famed college where true wisdom's found,
 For *Machiavelian* policy renown'd, 110
 The pious pastors first fill'd *Lansdowne's* mind,
 With all the lore for Ministers design'd ;
 Then mark my words, and soon those seers shall see
 Their famed *Ignatius* far outdone in thee.—
 In every action of your life be shown, 115
 You think the world was made for you alone ;
 With cautious eye each character survey,
 Woo to deceive, and promise to betray ;
 Let no rash passion Caution's bounds destroy,
 And ah ! no more appear "*The Angry Boy* !" 120

PITT.

Yet stay—Behold the Heav'ns begin to lour,
 And *Holland* threatens with a thunder show'r ;
 With me partake the feast, on this green box,
 Full fraught with many a feast for factious *Fox* ;
 Each sapient hint that pious *Pretty* gleans, 125
 And the huge bulk of *Rose's* Ways and Means ;
 See too the smoaky citizens approach,
 Piled with petitions view their Lord Mayor's coach ;
 Ev'n now their lengthen'd shadows reach this floor,
 Oh ! that d—d *shop tax*—*Aubrey*, shut the door ! 130

CAMBRIDGE TRIUMPHANT.

ON Clare-hall Piece, while groups of gown's-men
mourn'd

Oxford twice visited, and Granta scorn'd ;
Prophetic Cam above his mud appear'd,
And thus the sadly-pensive Pittites cheer'd :

“Why droop my Sons, tho' destin'd not to share
The envied presence of the Royal pair ?
Let the good Monarch, en famille, repeat
His eager journies to your rival's seat :
Hear Christ-Church bells, and Tom's tremendous sound,
Still wond'rous pleas'd to tread on Tory ground ;
De ente quolibet, with Pedants chat,
While crouds grow Loyal, charm'd with what ? What,
what ?

Yet, say, what prize can either Vice-Can boast,
What has not Dennis gain'd, or Chapman lost ?
Need the proud Dean his absence much regret,
Or grudge the honour that devolv'd on Pett ?
Ye gaping Chiefs of Collège, or of Hall !
Can he who dubs three Knights, confer one Stall ?
Deans, Prebendaries, Prelates—all are Pitt's—
Pitt's all our own, and George to Pitt submits.

Fir'd with the glories of our brighter days,
In strains of triumph my glad voice I raise ;

Cease

Cease then to grieve that Isis, wiser grown,
 Forsakes her Stuart's for a Brunswick's throne !
 Though Brunswick's self preside in North's high seat,
 With troops of scarlet Doctors at his feet :
 Little avails this vain parade of Courts,
 While Pitt, like Pelham, his lov'd Cam supports.
 Pass'd are the times when Bute, to Whigs unjust,
 Taught the young King his High-church friends to trust :
 Then many a Mitre grac'd an Oxford Crown,
 And Cambridge bow'd to dunces—not her own.

Blest be the man ! or rather blest the boy !
 Our Pembroke's pride, of Prettyman the joy !
 While George to him deposes his Sovereign powers,
 The richest crop of Canonries is ours.
 See ! from my womb, a race prolific spring,
 True to their God—as loyal to their King !
 Paleys, like Price and Priestly, shall dispute,
 And graft a Commonwealth on Whiggish root.
 The tide of Court rewards shall never ebb,
 Lavish'd by Pitt on each reforming Jebb :
 Taught to inflame a mob, or Verb to twist,
 Horne Tooke shall cease to mourn preferment mist.
 From Purley's shade recall'd to grace Saint John's,
 And future Bradshaws' rear amongst her sons ;
 Mason, exalted for heroic lays,
 Shall kiss the Royal hand he loves to praise :
 Lindsays and Wakefields, once a squeamish tribe,
 Shall learn from prudent Wilson to subscribe ;

Bold W—t—n shall exhibit chymic tricks,
 Skill'd gospel-milk with pois'nous drugs to mix—
 Ex Cathedra—at orthodoxy laugh,
 And mount to Lambeth from decay'd Landaff.

But chief, O L——w, to thee be honours paid !
 Well fits the Mitre on thy hoary head :
 Wonder of Bishops ! still pursue thy plan,
 Man to a brute—and God degrade to man.
 How can I count the labours of thy life ?
 With Creeds and Articles at constant strife ;
 With Blackburne leagued, in many a motley page,
 Immortal war with Mother Church to wage ;
 Each fence that guards her altar to pull down,
 And tack Geneva's cloak to Prelate's gown.
 Nor here thy zeal for comprehension ends,
 Jews, Deists, Musselmén, thy love befriends,
 Blends Christ and Belial at one sacred table——
 Delightful mass of an united Babel !

O ! envied change ! when, freed from faith's strict rules,
 Law's latitude of doctrine guides my Schools !
 When, benetic'd by Pitt's all-powerful hand,
 Socinian preachers swarm throughout the land !
 Paul's mysteries, when each wrangler disbelieves,
 And Humes and Gibbonses may wear lawn-sleeves !”

He spoke—all nod assent—The Senate met—
 And vote a warm Address for next Gazette.

PASQUIN.

A P E.

A PETITE DRAMA!!!

PITT AND WILLIAM GRENVILLE, THE SPEAKER.

PITT.

WHAT tongueless blocks were they? wou'd they not
speak?

Say, will not Beachcroft and his brethren come?

W. G.

Beachcroft is near at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit,
And look you, get a law-book in your hand,
And stand 'twixt Kenyon and the Chancellor;
For on that ground I'll make a *long* descant,
And be not easily won to our request—
Play the maids' part,---still answer Nay and take it.

PITT.

I go—and if for Beachcroft you can say
As much, as I for thee when chosen Speaker,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [Exit Pitt.

W. G.

Go, go to Rose's room; 'tis Beachcroft knocks,

Enter Beachcroft and Citizens.

Welcome, my friends—I dance attendance here;
I think *Will Pitt* will not be spoke withal.

Enter

Enter ROSE.

Good Rose, what says your master to my suit ?

ROSE.

He doth entreat the newly chosen Speaker
To visit him to-morrow or the next day ;
He now with two prerogative grave lawyers,
Is bent on framing a new constitution ;
And in no wanton suits would he be moved,
To draw him from his self-denying schemes.

W. G.

Return, good Rose, to th' unambitious youth,
Tell him the Cits, with Beachcroft and myself,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment ;
No less importing than the ADDRESS OF THANKS,
Are come to court the ministerial smiles.

ROSE.

I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit Rose.]

W. G.

Ah, ah, Beachcroft ! this youth is not abandoned,
He is not lolling on a lewd-love bed,
But studying the new Constitution ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But mooting cases with two counsellors ;
Not sleeping to engross his meagre body,
But plotting to enrich his empty purse.

Happy

Happy for England, wou'd this virtuous youth
Take on himself the Sovereignty thereof!
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

BEACHCROFT.

Marry; God shield our Pitt shou'd say us nay.

W. G.

I fear he will—Lo! here Rose comes again.

Enter ROSE.

Good Rose, what says the Minister?

ROSE.

He wonders to what end you have assembled
So few and feeble-hearted Citizens;
Grenville! he fears you mean no good to him.

W. G.

Sorry I am, my virtuous cousin shou'd
Suspect me that I mean no good to him,
And so, once more, return and tell him so; [*Exit Rose.*
When patriotic ministerial men
Are in their closet, who can draw them thence
From contemplation of their righteous plans?

Enter PITT between THURLOW and CAMDEN,—

Rose following.

BEACHCROFT.

See where Will Pitt betwixt two lawyers stands.

W. G.

W. G. *the Speaker.*

Two props of virtue for a Minister,
To stay a while th' fall of the Treasury ;
And see ! a crabbed law-book in his hand !
Famous young demagogue ! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests.

PITT.

Beachcroft, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech you, Sir, to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my King,
Defer too quick dismissal of my friends ;
But leaving this, what is my Grenville's pleasure ?

W. G.

Ev'n that, I hope, which Parliament approves,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

PITT.

I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the City's eye.

W. G.

You have, indeed ; would it might please you, Sir,
On our entreaties to amend your fault.

PITT.

Else wherefore sit I on the Treasury bench ?

W. G.

W. G. *Speaker.*

Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
 The scepter'd office which you've earn'd so well,
 To a descendant of the *Brunswick* stock ;
 This noble isle doth want her proper limbs,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion,
 Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self, to take on you the charge,
 And kingly government of this your land ;
 Not as protector, steward, or substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as your right, your empery, your own ;
 For this comforted with the citizens
 In their just suit, I come to move your Grace.

PITT.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
 For not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition ; not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you wou'd here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me ;
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friend ;
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,

And then in speaking not incur the last
 Definitively, thus I answer you :
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request :
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the Crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many my defects,
 That I wou'd rather hide me from my greatness,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need.
 The Royal tree hath left us Royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of Time,
 Will well become the seat of Majesty,
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,
 Which God defend that I shou'd wring from him.

W. G.

Cousin, this argues conscience in the mind,
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial :
 Then, modest Cuz, take to your Royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity !

BEACHCROFT.

Do, gracious youth, your citizens intreat you!

ROSE.

Oh, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

PITT.

Alas, why wou'd you heap these cares on me!
I am unfit for state or majesty;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

W. G.

If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the Prince, your master's son,
(As well we know your tendernefs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse :)
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your master's son shall never reign our King;
But we will plant some other on the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of his house.
Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

ROSE.

Call them again, sweet Pitt, accept their suit.

PITT.

Will you enforce me to a world of cares!
Call them again, I am not made of stone;

But penetrable to your kind intreaties,

[*Exit Rose and W. G.*

Albeit, against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter W. G. &c.

Brother to Buckingham, and most sage Beachcroft,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

I must have patience to endure the load ;

But God doth know, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.

BEACHCROFT.

God blefs you, Pitt, we see it and will say it.

W. G.

Then I salute you with this royal title,

Long live KING WILLIAM ! of that name the FOURTH.

To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd.

PITT.

E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

A CRAM-

A CRAMBO DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN THAT CELEBRATED PAIR OF SPECTACLES,

SIR JOSEPH MAWBHEY, BART. AND CHARLES

BRANDLING, ESQ.

——Pavor est utrique molestus

HOR. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 10.

BRANDLING.

I SAY, Sir Joseph, what is all this here work ?
 They are a using *I* and *you* worser nor a Turk ?—
God d——n them, but I'll do—*no matter what* !
 Because nobody has nothing at all to do with *that* ;
 For when a Gentleman takes a thing into his head,
 Nobody can know whether it will turn to *words* or *lead*.

SIR JOSEPH.

True, my dear Charles, it never can be known,
 The *slaughter-house* of the *mind* is all our *own* ;
 There hangs my Wyat cut up into quarters,
 And there you Grieve in his *elastic garters* ; *
 These are the *deeds* the *public breast* to warm,
 To *fight*, and *kill*, and *cut*, and *hang*, and dō our foes no
harm.

* *Elastic Garters*—An elegant term of Sir Joseph's, as Mr. Brandling says for back *sinners* ; or, as the *butchers* say, back *sinews*.

BRANDLING,

I believe as how, Sir Joseph, you're a little crazy,
 Or else, for *once*, your noddle is a little *hazy* ;
 I was a talking about these here *printing thieves*,
 And you comes over me with your Wyats and your
 Grieves !—

Between ourselves, they *both* have their rewards ;
 But will you, Joseph, only mind your *cards* ?
 I've had my Grieve, and many *fearful calls* ;
 You've had your Wyat and your *water falls*.*

SIR JOSEPH.

The Morning Herald is our daily plague,
 And tells more *lies* than Brussels on the Hague ;
 The *rascals* ventur'd lately to decry
 And *peach* my *writing*, your *orthography*.

* *Water Falls*—Shakespeare has somewhere observed, that we may judge, by the *Baby Figure*, of the *Giant Mass* of things to come at large.—The following pretty little anecdote of Sir Joseph, is an *absolute fact*, and will serve to farther justify the *penetration* of our greatest poet. I, myself, was at *Half Farthing School* in Surrey with Sir Joseph, when we were little boys, and Sir Joseph had just been taken out of *charity*, from *Leicestershire* ; and I remember he was the *Cock* of the school in that *easy*, *natural*, and *elegant diversion*, called—“ *P-fs and paddle in it*.”—He was quite famous for a *spray*.—This I presume is Shakespeare's *Baby Figure*—Mr. Wyat must speak of the *Giant Mass* of things that came at large. I appeal to Sir Joseph himself, for the *perfect truth* of this anecdote.

BRAND-

BRANDLING.

No, no, Sir Joseph, you mistakes that matter *flat*,
 The bitterest *dog* among them *darfent* do *that*,
That's over the hills and far away from *them*,
 Who cannot touch the *stern*, can't touch the *stem*—
My Orthoggerraffy, indeed!—a pretty story to tell!—
 No, no, Sir Joseph, they only said as how I could not
spell.

SIR JOSEPH (*aside*.)

I'd set him *right*, but he's so desp'rate *hot*,
 He'd boil up into rage like any pot ;
 Bred in the Romish Creed, and Romish College,
 Can we expect cool reason and pure knowledge ?
 Came wisdom ever from a Romish Cell,
 Where ignorance and superstition dwell ;
 Where *beads* and *crucifixes* keeps the places
 Of Syntax, and Orthography, and Cases ;
 Where Passion o'er Philosophy holds rule,
 To *fire the features*, and *expose the fool*?—
 I pity him, *upon my soul*, I do,
 As much as e'er *my Lady* did her Sow.*

* My Lady's favorite Sow died of a very tedious *dry gripes*, and was buried at Botleys. Sir Joseph wrote the Epitaph which is now on her *head stone*.

BRANDLING.

As for your writing, Sir Joseph, I don't care a knock of
 a hammer,
 Because, as how, I never consults Dictionaries or Louth's
 Grammar;
 And so I writes, and speaks, and spells all from Natur,
 as 'tis seen,
 Just as if Dictionaries and Louth's Grammar had *never*
been;
 And as I knows that you are *intolerable clever*,
 When *they* hurt you, my Friend, it will be *long come ne-*
ver.

MR. EDITOR,

*I have been at the trouble of visiting Botleys, in order to
 get a copy of Sir Joseph's famous Epitaph upon Lady
 Mawbey's favorite Sow; and when I had finished this
 business, I desired to see Sir Joseph's mansion, and was
 favoured with admittance: the first book that presented it-
 self was Sir Joseph's Album, in which I found a criti-
 cal Epitaph by Mr. Brandling, upon Sir Joseph's, on
 the Sow, directed to be cut in capitals under Sir Joseph's,
 upon the Sow's head-stone. I send you the two to be pub-
 lished together, as a pair of Epitaphical Spectacles. I
 must not omit to tell you, that when Mr. Brandling had
 finished his Epitaph, he left the following note at the bot-
 tom:*

tom: " N. B. I think I have fairly ring'd Sir Joseph on this subject."

SIR JOSEPH'S EPITAPH.

*Hic jacet carus Porca mei carus Domina Mawbey, Ob.
24th September, 1788.*

HERE lies a *martyr* to the *acrid* gripes,
'That rag'd, for days, like *furies*, in her tripes;
Full many a *heave* she gave, and *dismal squeak*,
Poor Sow, as if her *pretty heart* wou'd break!
No *vent* she found, from last unto the first,
She *curl'd her tail*, and *stretch'd herself*, and *burst*!
So have I seen a *bottle* of *new cyder*,
The cork *wir'd* down, just like an *act* with *Rider*,
Work *to* and *fro* from bottom to the top,
From side to side, and never make a *stop*!
Never, no *never*, 'till the bottle's sides
Give way, and *out the cyder comes in tides*!
Here lies a Sow that never had a *marrow*,*
In beauty, and the number of her farrow;
Methinks I see her prostrate in her sty,
Her *pig-wigs* sucking, *pretty family*!
Their *little tails*, nice things for *Mab* to keep,
And tickle *Parsons* as they lie asleep!

* *Marrow*, a word Sir Joseph pick'd up from Mr. Brandling, to signify an *equal*.

Her *paps* so lovely round and *very red*,
 They look like *boils* just come up to a *head*;
 Her *fly-flap* * *ears*, in spite of proverb old,
 Might make *silk purses*, and be *dearly sold* !
 No *Paris sol* needs *she*, nor *Paris pluie*,
 They *save* her *face*, be't *sun*, or *rain*, or *dewy* !
 The *spiral wire* betwixt in her *nose*,
 From *southern isles* her *high attraction* shows ;
 Alas; alas, I see her *bowels rise*,
 Tow'rd's heav'n, courting *fiery sacrifice* !
 Prepare a *pile*, the *pile*, my *servants*, *straw* be,
 To *immolate* this *Sorw* of *Lady Mawbey* ;
 Behold a *bacon cloud* in *pomp ascend*,
 So *sav'ry*, every *god must* be her *friend* !
 So *savoury*, no *rasher* can compare,
 Hot from the *coals*, and brought into the *air* ;
 And far more grateful to th' *immortal whole*,
 Than *clouds of fragrance* from the *censer roll* :
 A long *farewell* ! to *weep*, the *task* be *mine*,
 Thy *bursten fate*, thou *paragon* of *Swine* !

* *Fly-flap*. There is no such thing as keeping Sir Joseph out of a
butcher's shop.

MR. BRANDLING'S EPITAPH.

* *Hick jacket carry us Porkay me eye carry us Dominay*
Marwbey, Hob. 24 Sept. 1788.

WELL then, let me die if I ever did hear until now,
 Such a devil of a piece of a work about a *Sow* ;
 To be fure, there is a deal of noise about *Johnny* }
 Martin's Pig, }
 Because as how, Sir Joseph, *it was a little one not very* }
 big, }
 And because they made a song about it, and set it to a }
 jig. }
 And then there is Lord Edgecumbe's *pig*,† that goes to
 watering places with his Lordship,
And waters in the middle of all the ladies, which is thought
 a hardship,—
 And rides in his Lordship's coach for all the world like a
 messit,‡
 And looks out of the window so *natterall* that you would
 say *God blefs it* :
 To ride in a coach, and go to a *watering-place* too,
 Is only out of *pride*, my friend, to be a imitating of *you*.

* Sir Joseph's *Latin*, Mr. Brandling has adopted in preference to his
 own.

† Lord Edgecumbe carried his pig to *Tunbridge Wells*.

‡ *Messit*, a Northumberland term for a *lap-dog*.

And then there is the *learned pig*, that *spells* like any
devil;

And so, I suppose, the *Morning Herald* will to *him* be
very *civil*.

Well, Sir Joseph, this *Sow* of my Lady's, for truth's
truth, was a most *pritty creater*;

And for a *Sow*, Sir Joseph, I believe as how no *Sow* was
ever *neater* :

The *dry gripes*, my friend, is a most deadly kind of *stuff*;
For *I* had the *other gripes* but lately, and I was *Griev'd*
bad enough ;

And pity it was, Sir Joseph, this *Sow* shou'd come to
such a death,

And that her *guts* shou'd come out of her, Sir Joseph,
instead of her *breath* :

In one *partickleber* we differs more than common wider,
Because I cannot see as how the *Sow's guts* are like a *bot-
tle of cyder* :

But if her *guts* had no *vent*, and work'd and could not
dung,

Why did not *you*, Sir Joseph, stoop down and ease the
poor creature's *bung* ?

Her *wiry* tail she curl'd up like a snake,

And *bared* the place for your advantage sake :

To see how *sensible* all these *dumb creatures* are !

'Twas *you*, Sir Joseph, that wanted *nowse* in *that affair* :

Natur is very perverse to make these dumb things so *wise*,
When *we*, who can *speak*, cannot understand them with
our eyes:

As for her pigs *little tails*, from all *I* can draw,
They fartinly will tickle a *parson's rump* better nor a *bar-*
ley straw.

This *Mab*, you talks of, is, mayhap, some *outlandish*
queen,

And a *very pretty business* you have found for her *as ever*
was seen!

But if you wou'd take a *club*, Sir Joseph, and give *your*
parsons a *good banging*,

It wou'd do better nor a *pig's tail* to tickle them from a
Tyburn hanging :*

If you wou'd but play *Old Gooseberry* with those *heretic*
dogs,

It wou'd be better for you then, like a *prodigal*, to be a
keeping of hogs;

But I believes you had better leave them to themselves
as well,

For nobody nor *they*, Sir Joseph, can go a *nearer way* to
Hell :

As for the Sow's *paps*, and *lugs*, and *wire*, as one may
say,

They are all as *Natur* made them in her own *puffillanimus*
way :

* *Tyburn hanging*—a sling at our Clergy through Dr. Dodd's *Gboff*!

But how is all this, Sir Joseph, about, Lord blefs us! a
cloud of bacon?

As fure as ever I'm alive you *burnt the sow*; or else I
am mistaken:

Yes, yes, Sir Joseph, I spies you out, in spite of all
your *smothers*,

You *burnt the Sow* for fear the *gripes* should get among
the *others*:

Then how cou'd you be such a *bold face*, as to put up
this *head-stone*,

And write an *Epitaph* upon the *Sow* when *she* was *burnt*
and gone?

Now, Sir Joseph, let me give you a bit of advice,
It shall be a *rasber* in *that way*, and *very nice*:

If your *nostrils* prefer a nasty stinking *cloud of bacon*,
To clouds of *fragrance* from the *cenfer* shaken,

From the *sacred cenfer* by the *holy priest*,

You will be reckon'd no more better than one of my
beast,

You will be *curs'd* and *damn'd* with *book*, with *candle*,
and with *bell*,

Because no mortal man before had ever such a *heretic*
smell.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

January, 1789.

✍ *Mr. Warton's Ode on the expected Restoration of his MAJESTY's health being unhappily rendered unfit for New Year's-day, and the Laureat being otherwise totally unprovided, a Brother Bard pitying his misfortune, wishes to substitute the following :*

O D E.

FAINT and more faint with glimmering light,
 The Sun of Brunswick sinks to-night ;
 From this fair morn another Sun
 Its Royal course begins to run ;
 Another claims the venal lay——
 To thee we bend, O Pitt ! and hail thy rising ray.

E'en now, if aught the gifted Muse
 Can pry into prophetic truth,
 E'en now in thee, ambitious Youth,
 A second Phaeton she views,
 Eager to snatch the reins, and whirl the car ;
 She sees thee o'er the people's head,
 Intolerable radiance shed ;
 Portending with a baleful blaze
 To nations, trembling as they gaze,
 Discord, and kindred blood, and rude intestine war.

But

But stay thy course—and turn thine eyes,
 Where struck by Heav'n's strong hand thy Master lies :
 See Reason from her royal mansion fled—
 And what return of kindness, say,
 To Him thy debt of gratitude can pay,
 Whose bosom warm'd thee, and whose bounty fed?
 —Remember what for thee, the Sire has done,
 Then wrest with ruffian hand the birthright from his Son.

A breast like thine, so calm, so cool,
 So propt with pride, so fix'd to rule,
 Should childish pity move?—
 As well, thy firmness to betray,
 Incautious Candour there might sway,
 Or a fond female's love.

Thy sterner virtues, to one daring end,
 Still let cold Prudence guide, and crooked Craft defend.

These taught thee—when thy Master's throne
 In full meridian splendor shone,
 When all, to barefac'd pow'r denied,
 By lawless Influence was supplied—
 To swell Prerogative's usurping sway;—
 These taught thee—to that Throne to bend,
 Profess'd its champion and its friend;
 Exulting in thy Monarch's choice
 Taught thee to mock the people's voice;
 And thunder Sovereign right, the dogma of the day.

These

These teach thee now to cringe for pow'r,
 "With doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour?"
 Loud to proclaim, as steadfast to despise,
 The People's right—These will conceal
 Beneath the Patriot's cloak the Traitor's steel.
 These, while ungrasp'd the Royal Sceptre lies,
 Shorn of its strength, and at thy feet laid low,
 Now lift th' assassin arm, now aim the coward blow.

O could I catch a Waller's lays,
 Could I in correspondent praise
 Another Cromwell sing—
 What sacred titles should'st thou bear,
 Protector, Emperor, Sultan, Czar,
 Thy Prince's Sovereign King!
 Him let his People's loyal wishes own,
 But from his temple's torn, be Thine his Father's
 Crown!

Mine be the boast, at least, to thee,
 That first I bow the supple knee,
 First turn me from the real God,
 To hail a substituted idol clod:—
 And hymning with bought praise thy pow'r divine,
 Heap the first incense on thy virgin shrine!

D I A L O G U E.

STREPHON.

CANST thou behold those violets
 Insensibly, my fair,
 Die on that bed, and all their sweets
 Evaporate in air ?

LAURA.

Where would you have them die ?

STREPHON:

Oh ! there,
 My Laura, I desire,
 There let them spend their sweetness—where
 I could myself expire.

T O A L A D Y,

ON HER SENDING ME A WHITE COCKADE ON HER
 MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

Madam,

WELL pleased that my behaviour
 Could merit a first bridal favour,
 These lines of gratitude I send,
 Of thanks expressive, and thy friend.

A bache

A bachelor, without pretence
 To matrimonial eloquence,
 In words unskill'd, I've few of those,
 So thank in verse for want of prose.

Stuck in my hat, your white cockade
 Exalts itself in high parade ;
 So favour'd, I am proud to own it,
 To my whole regiment have I shown it.
 Such honour 'tis, that makes a foldier
 Greater, and infinitely bolder.
 Tho' five feet-nothing—I appear
 To my huge self a grenadier :
 I'm sure—I'm every where much stronger,
 Much stouter, brisker, broader, longer ;
 Besides improvements in my air,
 So smirking, smart, and debonair,
 That in the glass, when set to view,
 I wish that I were married too.

Your ribbon has not only brought
 Charms to my person, but my thought ;
 For when I represent you wrapt in
 The bands of love with that same captain,
 I think—but mind, 'tis all between us—
 In ecstasy of Mars and Venus !

Happy, thrice and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men !
 Happy, nine times happy bride,
 To such felicity allied !

May this reciprocal election,
 Endure in kindness and affection !
 May all your stars propitious prove,
 To faith, to constancy, and love !
 From friendship may he ne'er depart,
 But wear your favours next his heart ;
 'Till mutual tenderness ensures
 His longest favours nearest—your's.

ON A GENTLEMAN WHO MARRIED HIS MISTRESS.

BY THE SAME.

GOD's noblest works are honest men,
 Says Pope's instructive line ;
 To make an honest woman then,
 Most surely is divine.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

ALAS, poor Rosalind ! whate'er
 Thy beauty has presum'd ;
 For all thy charms of grace and air,
 To poverty thou'rt doom'd.

For

For has not the sure book of Fate
 This sacred mandate given !
 “ No rich man e’er shall penetrate
 “ The sanctuary of Heaven.”

O N A L A D Y

WHO SPRINKLED FLOUR UPON HER BOSOM TO MAKE
 IT APPEAR WHITE.

BY THE SAME.

FIX’D on the flour, still let me gaze,
 That’s spread above my Chloe’s stays :
 Enchanting vision ! where the rose
 Beneath the aspiring lily blows.

Thus *Ætna*’s top’s congeal’d with snow,
 Whilst lower prominences glow ;
 And thus the candied twelfth-cake’s seen,
 Frosted without, pure spice within.

O’er her provoking breast, the sight
 Of such desirable white,

To keenness whets my appetite.

Sweet flour, I sigh, all flowers excelling,
 But more for eating than for smelling.

In looks, smiles, glances, some delight,
 Here more substantial charms unite ;

These

These make a lover's mouth to water,
 With real hunger to get at her ;
 And if the squeamish nymph prove coy,
 She'll in a double sense destroy.

If then a guinea—tempting vails !
 Could e'er a cook-maid's heart assail,
 Listen, kind Susan, to my pray'r,
 And aid my passion for the fair.

Soon as thy mistress shall undress,
 Fail not this flour to possess ;
 Seize instantly the scraped-off prize,
 A ready store for future pies ;
 From whence thy skill may raise a paste
 Of kissing-crust just to my taste :
 Or if to dumpling more incline
 Thy genius ; dumpling, food divine !
 Cease not to work it out and in
 With thy convivial rolling-pin.

Now let me view it in the pot,
 Next on the table piping hot ;
 And whilst—ye gods !—I stuff and cram,
 Think what a lucky dog I am ;
 Think on what dumplings I have seen,
 Then bless my stars—and eat again.

PARODY.—SAPPHIE.

BY THE SAME.

HAPPY the man devoid of grief,
 Free from all pangs profane or holy,
 Content to find a sure relief
 From melancholy.

Whose soul, with Burgundy and love,
 Blest harmony ! dispels all care ;
 Whose temper sways him still to rove
 From fair to fair.

Blest ! Who can purchase with his purse,
 To sport in pleasure's life away :
 Can bless the happy night, and curse
 The coming day.

Can, if the lovely nymph comply,
 In kind endeavours act victorious ;
 But if she jilt, will never sigh
 Inglorious.

Thus let me live, by Cælia's charms,
 And, in soft raptures, when I die,
 Tell the whole world that in her arms
 Inclos'd I lie.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A HANDSOME YOUNG
COUPLE.

BY THE SAME.

OF slain Adonis, bards have told,
Sworn Venus old now grown is ;
How false the tale, for here behold,
Young Venus and Adonis.

TO A LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF A FAN.

BY THE SAME.

SMILING, sweet girl, this proffer'd toy approve,
Cool tho' its use, the gift of warmest love.

Prest by thy genial hand, behold it spread,
In pride expansive, its elastic head ;
(For thy dear fingers sensitive caress,
Instant can raise it, instantly depress) ;
Then, betwixt polish'd shafts of equal size,
From the round-swelling center stately rise ;
'Till, in full lustre, all its beauties play,
Like rose-buds opening to the vernal ray :
For to the circulating orb below,
Solely its captivating powers we owe ;

Powers,

Powers, which to pleasure every joint constrain,
Till to its shape relax it shrinks again.

Its winning graces and seducing air,
Engage the wise, and prepossess the fair;
Ev'n virgin modesty, exempt from harms,
May oft employ its inoffensive charms;
For of its use no mark it leaves, no stain,
Can from so pure an effluence remain.
For where's that lynx's piercing eye can trace
The track of eagles through th' æthereal space?
The serpent's devious maze along the plain?
Ship's paths—or winds that ventilate the main?

The brunette widow too may find relief
From this, to mitigate her ardent grief,
May to her wish this pliant engine frame,
To cool her passions, or to fan their flame.

T O M I S S V —

BY THE SAME.

CUPID of old, as fables show,
Had only one string to his bow,
With which his shafts could shoot ye;
But when Emilia speaks and smiles,
With two she bends his bow, and kills
With wit as well as beauty.

ORIGI-

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM.

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
 In earnest love me as you say ?
 Or are those tender words applied
 Alike to fifty girls beside ?
 Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear ;
 For by those eyes—those lips—I swear——
 —— She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
 And cried, you've sworn—now kiss the book.

ON MAY MORNING, 1787.

TO PARTHENIA.

THE early dawn, the harbinger of light,
 Removes the fable veil of peaceful night ;
 The glowing horizon in bright array
 Reflects the splendours of approaching day ;
 Májestic mountains meet Apollo's rays,
 Whose lofty summits in effulgence blaze ;
 Reviving forests shed a pleasing green,
 And spangled plains enlarge th' enchanting scene.
 Now anxious swains, who early hail the skies,
 Exulting view their omens with surprize,
 And taught by sure experience gladly sing,
 The happy promise of a glorious spring :

While youthful maidens celebrate the day
 With garlands sacred to the gentle May,
 In sportive measures o'er the pearly dew,
 Tracing the mazes which fond youths pursue ;
 Not with my livelier hope their breasts can heave,
 Not such the pleasure which their prospects give ;
 'Tis mine to view with awe a nobler dawn ;
 The fairest scene by nature's pencil drawn,
 Where genuine innocence, artless ease,
 And native elegance unite to please ;
 Where all the graces join'd your form pourtray,
 And Dian's movements every grace display :
 Not thus majestic great Saturnia shone,
 Deck'd in the radiance of Cytheria's zone,
 Whose powerful aid could raise so bright a flame,
 And add such lustre to the poet's fame.
 Minerva's fost'ring care your charms combine,
 With all the virtues that adorn her shrine ;
 Thus mental gifts by Wisdom most desir'd,
 Adorn the mien by Fancy most admir'd :
 Still may their aid your rising years improve,
 Command my praises, and command my love.

S O N G,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,*

BY JOHN BAYNES, ESQ.

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
 And in youthful pleasures join ;
 With me love the blooming fair,
 Crown with me thy flowing hair ;
 When sweet madness fires my soul,
 Thou shalt rave without controul ;
 When I'm sober, sink with me
 Into dull sobriety.

S O N G,

TRANSLATED FROM PHOENIX OF COLOPHON.

BY THE SAME.

‡ YE who to sorrow's tender tale
 With pity lend an ear,
 A tribute to Corone ‡ bring,
 Apollo's favourite care.

* See Athenæus.

† There were among the Greeks, as there are with us, blind men, who begged from door to door singing. This is one of their songs preserved by Athenæus.

‡ The finger used to carry a Raven on his hand, which he call *Corone*, (the Greek name for that bird) and for which he affected to beg.

Or

Or barley-sheaf, or salt, or bread,
 Corone shall receive,
 Or clothes or wheat—what every one
 May best afford to give.
 Who now bring salt, some future time
 Will honey-combs prepare ;
 For most Corone's taste delights
 Such humble, homely fare.
 Ye servants, open wide the door—
 But hark,—the wealthy lord
 Has heard,—his daughter brings the fruit
 To grace Corone's board.
 Ye gods ! let suitors come from far,
 To win the lovely maid ;
 And may she gain a wealthy youth
 With every grace array'd !
 Soon may she give an infant son
 To bless her father's arms,
 And place upon her mother's knee
 A daughter full of charms !
 O may she live to see her son
 With every honour crown'd ;
 Her daughter, beauty's fairest flower,
 Belov'd by all around !
 While I, where'er my footsteps guide
 My darken'd eyes along,
 Cheer those who give, and who refuse,
 With—all I have—a song.

O D E,

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLISTRATUS.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

I N myrtle leaves I'll wear my sword,
 As did Harmodius and his friend so true,
 What time the tyrant king they slew,
 And Freedom to her seat restor'd.
 Thou, lov'd Harmodius, art not dead;
 Thou to the happy Isles art fled,
 Where Peleus' son, as poets tell,
 And matchless Diomedes dwell.
 With myrtle leaves my sword array,
 Like dear Harmodius and his friend so true,
 What time the tyrant king they slew,
 Upon Minerva's festal day.
 Bless'd youths! with endless glory crown'd,
 The world your praises shall resound,
 Because the tyrant king ye slew,
 And Athens' freedom gain'd by you.

S O N G,

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S O N G,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARY, QUEEN
OF SCOTS.

BY THE SAME.

AH! pleasant land of France, farewell!
My country dear,
Where many a year
Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell!
Farewell for ever, happy days!
The ship which parts our loves conveys
But half of me—One half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
And bring the other to thy mind.

KING'S - BENCH PRACTICE,

CHAP. 10.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

(NOW FIRST PRINTED.)

BY THE SAME.

Baldwin.

HEWITT, call Taylor's bail,—for I
Shall now proceed to justify.

Baldwin. Why, Mr. Mingay, all this vapour ?

Willes. Take till to-morrow.

Lord Mansfield. Call the paper.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM, *

AT COSSEY-HALL, NORFOLK,

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

I.

THOU to whose sacred page the parting guest
 Confides the workings of his grateful breast,
 With awful pleasure o'er thy form I bend,
 My gift to bring, as brother, guest, and friend.
 Farewell, ye shades ! (ah, not to Fame unknown)
 Where Elegance has rais'd her attic throne ;
 Whose beauties, to the pure of taste address'd,
 In Nature's charms munificently dress'd ;
 Whose soft humanity, with grace combin'd,
 Display the emblem of the master's mind ;
 Farewell !—Say, shall I not regret the bow'r
 Where social intercourse endear'd the hour ;
 Where she, whose footsteps bless this sylvan seat,
 The pride and mistress of this calm retreat,

* The ALBUM is a book, in the blank leaves of which every visitor writes something.

Her soul illum'd with Wisdom's piercing beam,
 Sheds o'er the converse her enlight'ning gleam :
 By native taste, that sure directress, led,
 She stores her talents at the fountain-head.
 So the bright sunflow'r, on the cultur'd plain
 Aspires impatient o'er her sister train,
 Unfolds her bosom at the dawn of day,
 To catch the radiance of the solar ray.

II.

Ye scenes o'er which I cast a ling'ring view,
 O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,
 That hour I now recal with pleasing pain,
 Which gave your beauties to my wish again ;
 Yet then, as I approach'd your smiling shore,
 Prompt expectation gladly flew before :
 Wing'd with gay hopes, as nearer still I drew,
 Hills, plains, and woods, assum'd a brighter hue :
 Soft-wreath'd in lilac vestment, laughing May
 With willing aspect met me on the way :
 The various vale with eager steps I press'd,
 Praise on my tongue, and transport in my breast :
 O'er each lov'd spot I sent a fond survey,
 Where in the morn of life I wont to stray ;
 The winding walks, by memory endear'd,
 Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd ;
 Embow'ring shades, in whose deep gloom immers'd,
 Reflection fed me, and the Muses nurs'd,

Hewitt. Where's Taylor's-bail?

1st Bail. I can't get in.

Hewitt. Make way.

Lord Mansfield. For Heaven's sake begin.

Hewitt. But where's the other?

2d Bail. Here I stand.

Mingay. I must except to both—Command Silence—and if your Lordships crave it, Austen shall read our affidavit.

Austen. Will Priddle, late of Fleet-street, gent. Makes oath and faith, That late he went To Duke's-place, as he was directed By notice, and he there expected To find both bail—but none could tell Where the first bail liv'd.—

Mingay. Very well.

Austen. And this deponent farther says, That, asking who the second was, He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet Had ne'er obtain'd certificate. When to his house deponent went, He full four stories high was sent, And found a lodging almost bare, No furniture, but half a chair, A table, bedstead, broken fiddle, And a bureau. (Signed) William Priddle. Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller.

Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller.

Well,

Well, Friend, you've heard this affidavit,
What do you say?

2d Bail. Sir, by your leave, it
Is all a lie.

Mingay. Sir, have a care.
What is your trade?

2d Bail. A scavenger.

Mingay. And pray, Sir, were you never found
Bankrupt?

2d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.

Mingay. A thousand pound, friend! Boldly said.—
In what consisting?

2d Bail. Stock in trade.

Mingay. And pray, friend, tell me,—do you know
What sum you're bail for?

2d Bail. Truly no.

Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths have check'd
him:

I hope your Lordships will—

Willes. Reject him.

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where you dwell?

1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell
These ten years.

Mingay. Half-a-guinea dead. (*Aside*)
My Lords, if you've the notice read,
It says *Duke's-place*. So I desire
A little farther time t'inquire.

And screening from my view Ambition's sky,
Pour'd other visions on my raptur'd eye.

III.

Yes, Album, ere the willing task I leave,
Warm from the heart these closing lines receive.
'Twas at the hour to contemplation due,
When evening meekly from the world withdrew,
Beneath an aged oak, in pensive mood,
I, Sorrow's solitary captive, stood ;
When, from the rifted trunk's obscure recess,
A voice breath'd forth, in accents of distress,
" Where ! where is she ! of mild and rev'rend mien,
Once the lov'd mistress of this sylvan scene ?"
" Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n"—a distant voice re-
plied,

The branches shook, as if to sense allied :
While Terror flung his strong enchantment round,
And evening hurried into night profound !

Now fond remembrance turns a willing fight,
To dwell on gayer scenes of past delight,
Pleas'd to behold her, 'midst the polish'd train,
With grace, with dignity, her part sustain.
To mild festivity by nature prone,
With inbred wit peculiarly her own,
Prompt ev'ry sportive incident to seize,
Diffusing pleasure with a careless ease :
Of pow'r to charm invincibly possess'd,
Unfelt she glided into ev'ry breast.

There

There are, who; fram'd with an enlighten'd taste,
 High on the critic form by judgement plac'd,
 Who (marking well her sense with strength combin'd,
 The scintillations of her playful mind,
 An aptitude that never lost its aim)
 With brilliant Sevigné inwreath her name.

To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,
 Her cheerfulness maintain'd its envied throne.
 The gay, the old, the learned, and the young,
 And they whose heart pure elegance had strung,
 By the soft power of her enchantment won,
 Would oft the glare of throng'd assemblies shun,
 To court her ready wit's enliv'ning beam,
 And bask beneath its undulating gleam.

Yet oft from these unnotic'd would she steal,
 To soothe the bed-rid stretch'd on Torture's wheel,
 To smooth the furrow on Misfortune's brow,
 To warm the timid, and exalt the low,
 With lenient hand administer relief,
 And close the bleeding artery of grief.

Ah, ever dear! ah, venerable shade!
 Indulge this honour by Affection paid.
 Enthron'd in bliss, ah! yet forbear to shun
 This holy tribute from a zealous son.
 'Twas mine, attendant on thy evening ray,
 To watch the sun-set of thy blameless day;
 To see thee weary of th' unequal strife,
 Shed the faint glimm'rings of exhausted life,

And heavenly moralist, sublimely great !
 At the dread opening of thy future state,
 Teach by example, to thy latest breath,
 Meekness in pain, and fortitude in death.

O C C A S I O N A L O D E,

PERFORMED AT THE CATCH CLUB.

WHEN beauty's soul-attracting charms
 Shall cease to kindle fond alarms ;
 When at the festive board, disguis'd
 Like prudence, cold reserve shall sit,
 And caution's moral laws be priz'd
 Far, far above the bursts of wit.
 When manners thus deprav'd we see,
 Farewell, sweet harmony, to thee !
 But while the swift electric flame
 Of beauty darts thro' all the frame ;
 While Britain's darling, Britain's pride,
 Whose breast with ev'ry grace is stor'd,
 Shall deign, in courteous mood, to guide
 The pleasures of our social board ;
 While thus we frolic frank and free,
 All hail, sweet Harmony, to thee !

VERSES

VERSES LEFT AT THE WHITE LION, CALAIS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY MRS. PIOZZI.

OVER mountains, rivers, vallies,
 Here are we return'd to Calais,
 After all their taunts and malice,
 Entering safe the gates of Calais.
 While confin'd, our Captain dallies,
 Waiting for a wind at Calais,
 Wand'ring muse, prepare some fallies,
 To divert the hours at Calais.
 Turkish ships, Venetian gallies,
 Have we seen since last at Calais ;
 But though Hogarth, rogue who rallies,
 Ridicules the French at Calais,
 We who've walk'd o'er many a palace,
 Well content return to Calais ;
 For striking honestly the tallies,
 There's little choice 'twixt them and Calais.

ITS COMPANION, AT THE SHIP INN, DOVER,

APPARENTLY BY THE SAME HAND.

HE whom fair winds have wafted over,
 First hails his native land at Dover,

And

And doubts not but he shall discover
 Pleasure in every path round Dover ;
 Envies the happy crows that hover
 About old Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover,
 Nor once reflects that each young rover
 Feels just the same, return'd to Dover ;
 Hoping, though poor, to live in clover,
 Once safely pass'd the Straits of Dover :
 But he alone his country's lover,
 Who, absent long, comes home to Dover,
 And can, by fair experience, prove her
 The best he has seen since last at Dover.

THE BRITISH PHOENIX.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. DAMER,

UPON SEEING THE HEADS OF THE THAMES AND
 ISIS, DONE BY HER ON THE KEY STONES OF THE
 CENTRE ARCH OF HENLEY BRIDGE.

'TIS said one Phœnix, and but one, appears
 Within a circle of five hundred years :
 Far in Arabia's wilds the Bird, confin'd,
 But for its ashes, might have 'scap'd mankind.
 Nature of such a partial boon asham'd,
 For other climes this rarity has fram'd.
 Our Phœnix, now in Sculptor's form we trace—
 May Thames and Isis grateful own her face.

For

For long as Isis shall with ambient wave
 The classic walls of fair Oxonia lave ;
 Long as together both, in ampler tide,
 Shall add fresh glories to Augusta's pride,
 And on expanded bosom waft from far,
 The fruits of Commerce, or the spoils of War ;
 So long, to late posterity's survey,
 Shall Henley's Arch the featur'd pair display,
 Transmitting thus the lovely sculptor's powers,
 Who caught this art from Greece, and fix'd it ours !

F O R F E I T S.

W H I L E with the swains and nymphs at play,
 The fair, who guest amiss,
 By joint consent, was doom'd to pay
 The forfeit of a kiss.

Laura was out—my conscious mind
 Could scarce its bliss believe,
 To hear my happy self design'd
 Her forfeit to receive.

Softly to her's my lips were laid,
 Then breathed a sigh to part ;
 No forfeit there I gain'd—but paid
 The forfeit of my heart.

THE LOSS RESTORED,

A N . E P I G R A M,

FOR THE FASHIONABLE ADMIRERS OF A POPULAR
HISTORIAN.

WHEN Fate had decreed,
The world should be freed
From those infidels *Hume* and *Voltaire* :
The fiends all below,
Except our arch foe,
At each other most grisly did stare.—

“ Our int’rest on earth,
“ *One* soul won’t be worth,
“ When leave it such *praise-worthy tools*.”
Elated with pride
The old Anarch reply’d,
“ What a set of self hood-wink’d fools——

“ For did you descry
“ With circumspect eye,
“ And clear judgement, the subject you’re glib on,
“ Like me you’d perceive,
“ The *loss* you bereave,
“ *Restor’d* million-fold in a GIBBON.”

W. S.

EPI.

E P I G R A M.

GIBBON A CHRISTIAN.

ENTHUSIASTS, Lutherans, and Monks,
 Jews, Syndics, Calvinists, and Punks,
 GIBBON an Atheist call;
 Whilst he, unhurt, in placid mood,
 To prove himself a Christian good,
 Kindly forgives them all.

T'OTHER SLAP; OR, GIBBON A DEITY.

AN EPIGRAM.

NO sooner a *Demon* we GIBBON pronounce,
 Than a DEITY's act he begins;
 And deals out to all, in a *well-timed bounce*,
 Universal remission of sins.
 A Deity—highly distinguished in sooth,
 Who *pardons*, as *sinners*, all *tellers of truth*.

E P I S T L E

TO THE MARQUIS IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE, AT
 VERONA.

BY WM. PARSONS, ESQ.

WHERE stately Venice views with conscious pride
 Palladian structures in her trembling tide,
 And

And bids with annually repeated vows
 The solemn Doge his green-hair'd bride espouse ;
 As in old time the nuptial pomp was seen,
 Of Peleus and his silver-flipper'd Queen ;
 There, since the savage Turk o'erturn'd her fane,
 In the fair * Isle that own'd her blissful reign,
 The Cyprian goddess all her power displays,
 And bids new vot'ries kneel, new altars blaze ;
 There, for a while her winning influence stole
 In gentle languors on my captive soul.
 To Pleasure's ev'ry haunt at ease convey'd,
 In the soft gondola supinely laid :
 No other cares could then my thoughts employ,
 But indolent to glide from joy to joy ;
 In sprightly converse speed the hours away
 At the throng'd Fair†, or the Cass-ino gay ;
 O'er the wide Theatre's half circle range,
 Transported with the fond pursuits of change ;
 While in each box new charms mine eyes engage,
 Nor let them ever wander to the stage ;
 Prolong at Beauty's side, supremely blest,
 The blithe repast, 'till Phœbus warn'd to rest ;
 Lead thro' the mazy dance her nimble feet,
 Or press her wanton in the lone retreat !

* Cyprus, once belonging to the Venetians.

† A Fair, though no place of fashionable resort in England, is at Venice frequented by the best company.

Mean while, enfeebled by these soft delights,
 No more each serious task my soul invites :
 But nature's self was blotted from my thought,
 With all the wond'rous works the arts have wrought.
 Forgot each charm the rural prospect yields,
 " The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;"
 Forgot each darling object that from home
 Led my free steps through foreign lands to roam ;
 The late found coin's time-consecrated rust,
 The glowing canvas, and the breathing bust ;
 Of architects renown'd, each chaste design ;
 Th' Italian Muse's rich poetic mine !
 Ah ! how unlike to thee, whom still secure
 In Pleasure's lap fair Science can allure :
 Nor more thy own Ulysses * could disdain
 The cup Circean, or the Syren's strain.

But sudden, when I left th' enchanted isles,
 And saw around the spring's returning smiles,
 (Unmask'd before the season's gradual course)
 My wonted tastes return'd with double force.
 Like one long tost on the tempestuous main,
 Who joys to view his parent earth again ;
 The green-leaf shiv'ring in the balmy gale,
 The flowers that scent the dew-besprinkled vale !
 The vines in rich festoons so gaily hung,
 The tender blade, which seem'd that moment sprung ;

* In allusion to a Tragedy written by the Marquis on the subject of the last book of Homer's *Odyssy*.

Rais'd in my soul such transports and surprise,
I thought * Elysium opening to my eyes !

While these emotions Mem'ry loves to trace,
She gives Verona a distinguish'd place ;
Where still the vast Arena towers sublime,
Stupendous work, that mocks the rage of time !
Where foaming Adigè with rapid force
Thro' antique arches rolls his sounding course ;
Where Fancy, Science, Taste, with thee reside,
With thee, whose friendship is my lot and pride !
And † still she adds the gen'rous Albert's name,
Meek nature's lover, with enthusiast flame.
Led up the hills by his attentive care,
To view her scenes and breathe the morning air ;
While he unlock'd his learning's copious store,
Whate'er we saw, his converse charm'd me more.
And lov'd Pagani, who, in tuneful lays,
Has sung so well the object of my praise,
Fair Beatrice—Were mine his accents sweet,
Each Tuscan echo should that name repeat !
Illustrious City ! may thy modern fame
Rival the lustre of thine ancient name :

* At Venice there are neither fields nor gardens, so that the progress of the seasons is quite imperceptible.

† The author could not avoid paying this small tribute of esteem to persons, whose kindness and agreeable conversation he must ever remember with gratitude and delight.

For still thy sons the fav'ring muse inspires,
 And thy fair daughters share her genial fires.
 Round female brows when living laurels twine,
 Broader they spread, and more resplendent shine;
 Exult—a Verza, a Mosconi's thine.

Now sever'd from those seats of social joy,
 The arts alone my musing hours employ;
 For now no more the blue-ey'd Pleasures rove
 Arno's green banks, or Boboli, thy grove!
 O'er the chang'd scene his baleful pinions spread,
 While the fierce Austrian eagle rears the head,
 Like tim'rous doves, his ravening beak they fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky!

Consol'd by study, here I find repose,
 Each quiet day in even tenor flows;
 And the fam'd Gallery, to my curious sight,
 Presents exhaustless subjects of delight.
 Chief to the lov'd Tribuna's * sacred seat,
 Full oft my rapt'rous visits I repeat.

* The name of that room belonging to the Gallery in which the most valued pieces of painting and sculpture are preserved. What is generally called Titian's Venus is here considered only as a beautiful woman, as she has none of the usual attendants of the Goddess. The Samian Maid is the Sibyl, and Raphael's Saint the St. John. The statue of the Listener is commonly known by the name of Arrotino, and supposed to represent the slave who first discovered Cataline's conspiracy. It seems almost unnecessary to add, that the Venus is the famous Venus of Medicis.

Hence

Hence, ye prophane, whom lust of wealth or power
 Forbid to know one tasteful feeling hour !
 Hence boist'rous Mirth, of manners coarse and rude !
 Hence gloomy Care, nor here your steps intrude !
 Thus undisturb'd, whene'er I look around,
 Some matchless work on ev'ry side is found.
 On the soft bed see Titian's Fair recline,
 Her naked charms that with full lustre shine ;
 Her wanton eyes, that " dart contagious fire,"
 Prompt the loose wish, and lawless love inspire,
 In tender Guido's softer stile express,
 With heaven-fix'd eye, and arms that cross her breast,
 The meek Madona's looks, devout and pure,
 To chaster, livelier bliss my hopes allure.
 " Rapt into future times," the Samian Maid,
 By bold Guercino's powerful hand display'd,
 Transported the prophetic flame receives :
 How vain, if winds disperse the faithful leaves !
 A stronger inspiration shines confest
 In Raphael's Saint, and fills his lab'ring breast ;
 In bloom of youth while he sequester'd dwells
 'Mid desert wilds, rude rocks, and gloomy dells ;
 His wide-extended arm and ardent eye
 Proclaim his hallow'd mission from on high !
 Much more of Picture's toil adorn the walls,
 But Sculpture too my admiration calls.
 How each fierce wrestler strains his finewy frame,
 Exulting That, and This depress'd with shame !

What fix'd attention in his face appears,
 Who unobserv'd the dreadful project hears ;
 And while dark plotting Treason spreads around,
 His work suspends to drink the fearful sound !
 As if from Tempe's vale by magic drawn,
 How full of mirth and glee the dancing Fawn !
 Such forms poetic eyes alone have seen
 Skim the green lawn, or glance thick shades between !
 What wond'rous grace, and harmony divine,
 In young Apollo's fair proportions shine !
 Nor these can long detain my eager sight,
 While Venus' still more perfect charms invite ;
 Great master-piece of art, above all praise,
 Grown to the spot, I there could ever gaze :
 Pygmalion-like enamour'd of a stone,
 Heave the vain sigh, and pour the fruitless moan !

And frequent by the taper's trembling light,
 Sweet poesy beguiles the fleeting night ;
 Whether his page I turn, whose song hath told
 Of pious * arms, led on by Godfrey bold ;
 Or his † of beauteous Dames and burnish'd Knights,
 Fierce wars, and courteous deeds, and love's delights ;
 Or lost in grief o'er Laura's mournful bier,
 With Petrarch drop the sadly-pleasing tear ;

* -*Canto l'arme pietosi, e il Capitano.* TASSO.

† *Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amore, le cortese.* ARIOSTO.

Or in thy verse brave Elliott's glory view,
 And the proud story of his fame pursue,
 Which loftier honours from a stranger gains,
 Than from his native Muse's warbled strains.
 The British tube thus foreign sages rear,
 To trace the wonders of the starry sphere ;
 And while each Constellation's brighter shewn,
 Prefer our stronger glasses to their own.

Florence, 24th July, 1785.

W. P.

O D E,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
 GLORIOUS REVOLUTION,

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

BY W. MASON, M. A.

IT is not age, creative fancy's foe,
 Foe to the finer feelings of the soul,
 Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow ;
 Scorning its chill controul,
 He, at the yernal morn of youth,
 Who breath'd, to liberty, and truth,
 Fresh incense from his votive lyre,
 In life's autumnal eve, again
 Shall, at their shrine, resume the strain,
 And sweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.

Warm

Warm to his own, and to his country's breast,
 Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have borne,
 And each, through all its varying seasons, blest
 By that auspicious morn,
 Which gilding Nassau's patriot prow,
 Gave Britain's anxious eyes to know
 The source whence now her blessings spring ;
 She saw him from that prow descend,
 And in the hero hail'd the friend ;
 A name, when Britain speaks, that dignifies her King.

In solemn state she led him to the throne,
 Whence bigot zeal and lawless power had fled,
 Where justice fix'd the abdicated crown
 On his victorious head.
 Was there an angel in the sky,
 That glow'd not with celestial joy,
 When Freedom, in her native charms,
 Descended from her throne of light,
 On eagle plumes, to bless the rite,
 Recall'd by Britain's voice, restor'd by Nassau's arms !

Sure then, triumphant on the car of Time,
 The sister Years in gradual train have roll'd,
 And seen the Goddess from her sphere sublime,
 The sacred page unfold,
 Inscrib'd by Her's and NASSAU's hands,
 On which the hallow'd charter stands,

That bids Britannia's sons be free ;
 And, as they pass'd, each white-rob'd year
 Has sung to her responsive sphere,
 Hail to the charter'd rights of British Liberty !
 Still louder left the soul-expanding strain,
 Ye future years ! while, from her starry throne,
 Again she comes to magnify her reign,
 And make the world her own.
 Her fire e'en France presumes to feel,
 And half unsheaths the patriot steel,
 Enough the monarch to dismay,
 Whoe'er, with rebel pride, withdraws
 His own allegiance from the laws
 That guard the People's rights, that rein the Sovereign's
 sway.

Hark ! how from either India's sultry bound,
 From regions girded by the burning zone,
 Her all-attentive ear, with sigh profound,
 Has heard the captive moan :
 Has heard, and ardent in the cause
 Of all, that free by Nature's laws,
 The avarice of her sons enthralls ;
 She comes, by truth and mercy led,
 And, bending her benignant head,
 Thus on the seraph pair in suppliant strains she calls :

“ Long have I lent to my Britannia’s hands
 That trident which controuls the willing sea,
 And bade her circulate to distant lands
 Each bliss deriv’d from me.
 Shall then her Commerce spread the fail,
 For gain accurs’d, and court the gale,
 Her throne, her sov’ reign to disgrace ;
 Daring, (what will not Commerce dare !)
 Beyond the ruthless waste of war,
 To deal destruction round, and thin the human race ?

“ Proclaim it not before th’ eternal throne
 Of Him, the sire of universal love ;
 But wait till all my sons your influence own,
 Ye envoys from above !

O wait, at this precarious hour,
 When, in the pendent scale of power,
 My rights and Nature’s trembling lye ;
 Do thou, sweet Mercy ! touch the beam,
 Till lightly, as the feather’d dream,
 Ascends the earthly dross of——selfish policy.

“ Do thou, fair Truth ! as did thy master mild,
 Who, fill’d with all the power of Godhead, came
 To purify the souls, by guilt defil’d,
 With Faith’s celestial flame ;
 Tell them, ’tis Heaven’s benign decree
 That all, of Christian liberty,

The peace-inspiring gale should breathe :
 May then that nation hope to claim
 The glory of the Christian name,
 That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worse than
 death ?

“ Tell them, they vainly grace, with festive joy,
 The day that freed them from Oppression’s rod,
 At Slavery’s mart, who barter and who buy
 The image of their God.

But peace!—their conscience feels the wrong ;
 From Britain’s congregated tongue,
 Repentant breaks the choral lay,
 “ Not unto us, indulgent Heav’n,
 “ In partial stream, be Freedom giv’n,
 “ But pour her treasures wide, and guard with legal
 “ sway!”

E P I G R A M,

TO M——, ESQ. A GOVERNOR OF THE DISSENT-
 ING COLLEGE, AT HOMMERTON.

—— *Adbuc a me disciba pauca petis.*

MARTIALIS.

AT Oxford and Cambridge *no Reform* can be had,
 Since every one knows they’re *already too bad.*

But

But at *our New College*, 'tis by most understood,
 That every thing *there* is already—too good.
 * Too good and too bad are two fools that I hate;
 Get but rid of *the first*, leave the other to fate.

MUSACADEMICUS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON,

Dressed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet, with Plumes, &c.

BY DR. BEATTEI.

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
 With the dread semblance of that warlike helm;
 That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
 That grac'd the chiefs of Scotia's antient realm?
 Thou know'st, that virtue is of power the source,
 And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
 We own their empire, while we feel their force,
 Beaming with the benignity of Heaven.

* Too good and too bad, the knaves, our author tells us, he hates, the reader will observe, by the figure *Protopopeia*, stand for *licentiousness* and *puritanical precision*.

Lector, Solve : taces dissimulasque.——VALE.

The plummy helmet, and the martial mien,
 Might dignify Minerva's awful charms ;
 But more resistless far the Cyprian Queen—
 Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only *arms*.

E P I G R A M.

AT Johnson's death, both sexes join
 His character to undermine ;
 Poclaim his courtesy to Scots,
 And tell us stupid anecdotes.
 'Tis now thy turn, *Musician Knight*,
 Publish, and damn his fame outright.

I M P R O M P T U.

MR. GREATHEED AND HIS TRAGEDY.

CRIES Greatheed, " if my meaning few can tell,
 " My words, at least, are such as Shakespeare wrqte ;"
 Thus senseless, drunken Steph'no, in his cell,
 Leaves Prospero's wand, and steals his old great coat.

THE

THE BATH FRACAS.

ALONE—had *Mara* gone to *Bath*,
 To *drink*—to *sing*—to *dance*—or laugh,
 She'd had e'en *Blandud*'s pray'rs ;
 As 'twas—her *charms* were all in vain,
 For those who lik'd full well her strain,
 Dislik'd her sposo's *airs* ! !

E P I G R A M

ON BOSWELL'S JOURNEY OF A TOUR TO THE
 HEBRIDES.

I.

WHEN Jamie Boswell took his pen
 The Doctor's sayings to record ;
 Professors look'd like common men,
 And Johnson of the Clan the Lord.

II.

Whate'er the Doctor blunder'd out,
 Let it be *prose* or be it *verse*,
 Jamie wrote down without one doubt,
 And priz'd it, as it had been *Erse*.

III.

But could it be poor Johnson's fate
 To read these pages, as 'tis mine ;
 The folio thrown at Osborne's pate,
 Dear Jamie, would be thrown at *thine*.

S O N G.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

HOW bright were the blushes of Morn,
 How sweet was the song of the Grove,
 Ere Cynthia thus left me forlorn,
 And frowning forbade me to love !

My streams I was wont to adore—
 My flocks bleated music around ;
 And, shepherds, I lov'd them the more,
 Because she was pleas'd with the sound.

Dear Cynthia ! ah, who could behold
 A damsel with beauty so blest,
 Nor wish in his arms to unfold,
 Such charms as were never possess'd !

Oh attend, thou fair cause of my woes !
 Oh, refuse not to hear me complain !
 Thy smile hath undone my repose,
 And that only can bless me again.

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

DOOM'D by my Fortune's fickle star,
 Dear maid! I seek the dang'rous wave,
 Condemn'd from thee to wander far—
 To Love and Delia's charms a slave.—

Yet e'er thy balmy lips I leave,
 And quit that bosom's snowy white,
 Oh, Nymph! my tears, my sighs receive,
 And grant me thine, my last delight.

On each bright tear shall Fancy dwell,
 And Mem'ry each soft sigh restore;
 Thus doat upon the sweet farewell,
 Like misers on their golden store.

A B S E N C E.—T O C Y N T H I A.

BY THE SAME.

HERE, Cynthia, let thy beauty beam,
 Too long yon vallies have been blest;
 Too long yon fountain's happy stream
 Hath borne thine image on its breast.

Oh, haste to these deserted bowers !
 And him whose sighs have pierc'd thy grove,
 To tell what sorrows load the hours,
 Whilst others strive to gain thy love.

Sweet wand'rer, listen to my pray'r,
 Return, and banish ev'ry sigh ;
 Oh, haste ! if aught I boast be fair,
 And hold a charm for Cynthia's eye.

In vain I ask—my sighs are vain,
 Th' admiring swains withhold the *maid*,
 Whose smiles are sunshine to their plain,
 Whose absence forms a midnight shade !

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye ?
 The heart whose only guilt is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die ?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ears !
 Thy beauties, ah ! divinely bright—
 In one short hour by Delia's side,
 I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine ?
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove ;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler bribe I offer——Love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
 — And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
 The act may make *my* bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless *her own*.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER,

*Written at Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, and
 sent to Donna Antonietta De R——, a Spanish young
 Lady; written at her Villa on that Island.*

BY THE SAME,

BEHOLD in those lorn shades a damsel dwell—

I ween the fairest amongst all the fair ;
 While doth Virtue bid her sky farewell,
 To live with Sylvia, passing all compare ;

Eke Innocence doth leave her bower above,
To join her gentle sister of the grove.

Yet what availeth, beauteous maid, thy mien,
To mortals driven from thy dark retreat?

Ah, what thy sparkling eyn of peerless sheen,
Sith lovers are forbidden from thy feat!

Soothly the balms of Araby the blest

Are nought; if unenjoy'd their fragrance stream!

What is fair Luna from her silv'ry vest,

If ne'er she sheweth to the world her beam?

Then break like Luna from her cloud of night,

And glad us, lovely virgin, with thy light.

For thee, the Poet heaveth sighs how deep!

Yet, yet unheard, they mingle with the wind——

Ah, virgin! well my artless lays may weep,

Sith Spenser hapless plain'd for Rosalind:

Spenser, whose sweet song far surpasseth mine——

As Rosalinda's beauties yield to thine.

Yet trust me, fair one, I will verse indite,

And *bow* the subject soft, to bring me praise;

Tho' love be cruel, yet for laud I'll write,

And immortality must crown my lays;

For sith thy charms so much delighten Fame,

She'll suffer nought to die that holds thy name.

S O N N E T.

BY BERTIE GREATHEED, ESQ.

WHEN Emma first I saw, divinely fair,
 On Arno's banks she gaily seem'd to rove,
 Her azure eye was full of Joy and Love,
 And sportive ringlets grac'd her auburn hair.

Fatal reverse! Now clouded with despair
 Is that sweet brow! All sad she seeks the grove,
 With sorrow-swollen eye, and, like the dove,
 Bewails her mate, with breast of heaving care.

Nor do I cause, nor can I cure her woe;
 Alas! not I: Were mine the soothing art;
 Endless embraces should relief bestow.

Too much her cheerful mien inflam'd my heart;
 But now those pearly tears incessant flow,
 My tortur'd soul must feel incessant smart.

L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TICKELL.

REPLETE with every charm to win the heart,
 To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart,
 Soft—timid—elegant! her beauteous mien
 Bespoke the feeling—gentle mind within.

Torn from her Husband's fond adoring arms,
 From Friends who weep her matchless worth and charms,
 By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd,
 Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd;
 They—like the graces of her virtuous mind—
 Were not for weak Mortality design'd!
 Thus the sweet tub'rose, in the thorny shade,
 Whose flowrets wither, and whose honours fade,
 Till soft'ring dews and sunshine's cheering ray
 Again call forth its beauties into day—
 Thus, 'midst the agonizing tears of woe,
 Truth whispers from the grave—*Thus shalt thou blow!*
 There is a coming morn shall bid thee rise,
 And in the bloom of Virtue grace yon skies,
 Where Truth and Piety shall live sublime,
 And Worth shall find its own congenial clime.
 Then mourn not that the SAINT, thus undismay'd,
 Died—at that dread command—she e'er obey'd.

T O S L E E P.

FIRST round my brows a poppy wreath I'll bind,
 Gathered, while moisten'd with the falling dew,
 With ivy tendrils round their stems entwin'd—
 Then, to the God of Sleep, my song pursue.

Hail,

Hail, balmy Sleep! thou offspring of the night!

Alone of thee the Muse delights to sing;

Bend hitherwards thy gentle airy flight,

And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.

Thy sacred influence to my soul impart,

And on my couch, oh, "Partial Sleep!" descend;

'Tis thou alone can'st sooth my grief-worn heart,

"Nature's best nurse," and Sorrow's gentlest friend.

Spread wide thine arms, and fold me to thy breast;

There I can taste the blessings of repose:

Then, with my sorrows, shall I sink to rest,

And calm Oblivion mitigate my woes.

S O N G.

BRIGHT hope now glads my stricken breast,

So long the seat of cold despair;

Each harsher thought is hush'd to rest,

And Love resumes his empire there.

So through the gloomy darksome vale,

The sun darts forth his glancing ray;

Bids noisome fogs and dews exhale,

And leads in all its glare the day.

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS MASTER,*

*Who had sentenced him to die at the End of the Summer, on
Account of his being unable, from extreme old Age, to live
through the Winter.*

AND must thou fix my doom, sweet master, say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor ?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door..

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed ;
It glads me *more* to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred..

For, ah ! to think of what we both enjoy'd
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor,
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore.

Thrice told ten years, have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave,
Sweet-smiling years ! when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

* The Rev. Mr. Potter, at Scarning in Norfolk, to whom the public
is indebted for the admirable Translations of Æschylus and Euripides.

Ah,

Ah, years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!

Ten years, thrice told, alas, are but a day!

Yet, as together we are aged grown,

Together let us wear our age away.

For still, the times behind are dear to thought,

And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;

To the light heart all-changing seasons brought

Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scarning's stream

My steps were bent to yonder Muse-trod grove,

There, she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,

And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,

E'en with the speed of thought did I not go—

Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,

And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt alarms,

Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear,

Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,

Affure thy faith and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah! forget not when the fever's power

Raged sore, how swift I fought the zephyr's wing,

To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower,

And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

Friend

Friend to thy love, and health, and not a foe
 E'en to the Muse who led thee on to fame;
 Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
 And fancy kindles into brighter flame.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say—
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live I pray,
 A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate;
 Yet, ah! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
 If Nature has denied a longer date.

Alas! I feel 'tis nature dooms my death,
 Ah me! I feel 'tis Pity gives the blow—
 Yet ere it falls, ah, *Nature!* take my breath,
 And my kind master shall no sorrow know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me old and poor,
 May timely save me from th' uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

IRREGULAR. ODE.

A SKETCH.

TUNBRIDGE, source of health and joy,
 Source of many a various toy;
 'Tis not alone thy shades I'd sing,
 Nor thy salutary spring.
 In lines profuse,
 Th' untrammel'd muse
 With truth pursues,
 To point some guests that now thy scenes employ.

Carmarthen,* first in ease and grace,
 Moves unassuming to his place;
 'Tis not his birth,
 But native worth
 That beams expressive in his face.
 So here retir'd,
 Who oft inspir'd
 The senate's dullest hours with wit,
 With wit that never gave offence,
 Yet mark'd with sterling point, and manly sense;
 Him who long led,
 Some say misled,
 His country's cause through many a dreary day,
 Though not successful; yet with honest sway,
 Now to be led himself forc'd to submit.

* Now Duke of Leeds.

What

What though now blind,
Yet still you'll find

North still retains the powers of an enlighten'd mind.

And as we see,
Oft leading thee,

Thy daughters three,

Speaks it not excellence more rare,

'Bove those who boast a face that's only fair,

A father leaning on their arms

Conveys affection's highest charms,

Speaks all those feelings which impart

'The virtues of the filial heart.

His lady claims the muses care,

Dæmon with truth her equal share ;

'Tis from their kind united fond relief,

That *North* scarce knows the cause of all his grief.

Here's *Cumberland*, whose visage shews

As various as his various muse ;

To-day, quite bowing to the ground,

To-morrow on his heel turns round :

Mark how he labours to obtain

The notice of some titled dame ;

Or on my word,

If there's no Duke, or Lady Grace,

Should chance to be within this place,

Perhaps you'll find him chatting with some Lord.

Sir *Joseph Maribey* lonely stalks,
 With solem airs, along the walks ;
 'Tis said when he did court the muse,
 (Not true, it is a rank abuse)
 He sung ('twas in his younger day)
 The following caution-giving lay :
 Then ladies of your hearts beware,
 Sir Joseph's false, as he is fair.

Now fair no more,
 Must we deplore,
 That all his charms are fled,
 His vices sped,
 All seems now blended in a vacant stare.

His *Grace of Leeds*
 The muse will needs
 Take notice in the way,
 He walks about, |
 Goes in, comes out,
 But more we cannot say.

Shall *Wilkes* alone,
 Now loyal grown,
 Pass unregarded and unknown ;
 He who a furious Patriot once,
 View'd all things with a double glance,

Whose

Whose name the mob has bawl'd so loud,
 With taudry shew
 The batter'd beau,
 Once a King's foe,
 Now feebly creeps unheeded through the croud.

Lord Sackville's air
 Is debonnaire ;
Charles Cumberland is something loud ;
Sir Peter Burrel's very fair,
 And yet not very proud ;
John Birch, with steady, easy plan,
 Yields flattering promise of the future man.

Dyson well drest,
 Not care oppress,
 Keeps order, time, and place ;
 Under his care,
 The modest fair
 Securely share
 Pleasure's delightful race.

Sept. 15, 1778.

S O N N E T,

TO MISS HELENA-MARIA WILLIAMS.

ENCHANTING Muse, whose clear melodious lay
 (Like the sweet incense of a fragrant flower)
 Steals on the sense of fascinating power,
 Inrob'd in pity's mild, benignant ray,
 Pure simple nature unadorn'd by art,
 With native beauty in thy song we trace;
 (Where beaming fancy with poetic grace,
 Pourtrays the softer feelings of the heart.)
 While More and Seward, fav'rites of the Nine,
 Each in their varied happy strains excel,
 And tune the lyre to notes of highest swell:
 Equal with them thy name shall splendid shine.
 O! then encourage still the glorious flame;
 And let not fear thy muse's flight restrain:
 Resume the pen—and may thy labours gain
 A well-earn'd plaudit from the voice of fame.

J. B——o

THE THREE VERNONS

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE,

OF STRAWBERRY-HILL.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
 Awe the breast her Beauty warms :
 See she blushes, Love presumes ;
 See she frowns ! he drops his plumes.
 Dancing lighter o'er the ocean,
 Was not Cytheræa's motion ;
 She speaks, and art repines to see
 The Triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
 Humid with Hyblean gleanings ;
 Eyes that glitter into wit,
 Wanton Mirth with Fancy smit ;
 Arch Naivete that gaily wanders
 In each dimpling cheek's meanders ;
 Shedding roses, shifting graces
 In a face that's thousand faces ;
 Sweet assemblage, all combine
 In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
 Humble as the cloyster'd fair,
 Patient till new springs disclose
 The bud of promis'd Beauty's rose,

Waving

Waving praises, perfum'd breath,
Ensures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three, whose future reign
Shall sing some younger, sweeter Swain.
For me suffice in Ampthill Groves,
Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
I first announc'd, in artless page,
The glories of a rising Age ;
And promis'd, where my Anna shone,
Three Offsprings as bright as one.

A P O E M

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. PHILIP, EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD.

BY THOMAS NEWBURGH, ESQ. WRITTEN IN 1745.

TO THE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THE freedom of an address from a person wholly unknown to your Lordship, I am sensible, stands in need of an apology. The best I can make, is, that I happen to be one of the many, that have sensibly experienced the happiness of your Lordship's administration in this country :—and that if benefits are to be estimated by their importance and extent, those we share with the community, must, of all others, lay the justest foundation for acknowledgement.

With regard to the inclosed lines, they pretend, my Lord, to no other merit than that of speaking truth. The person who writes them, is no Poet, Courtier or Dependant. Content with his paternal acres, he has been more solicitous to improve, than to add to them—Never yet has bribed for an Election, or applied to a great man for a favour. But if this were not the case, your Lordship could easily distinguish between the servile incense of flattery, and the disinterested offerings of gratitude that flow from the heart.

If the inclosed lines are worth a further remark, it may be observed, that what is further said in them, with regard to the manners of the times, is intended to be clearly understood in the *reverse*: as descriptive, I am sorry to have occasion to say, by no means of what they *are*, but what they *ought* to be; and what your Lordship's example and happy administration plainly tended to have made them.

But our national luxury is too melancholy a topic to dwell upon; I quit it, with my hopes that the offspring may not as frequently prove destructive to its over indulgent parent, our public prosperity.

Thus, my Lord, I take the liberty of talking to you as to a friend; I mean, as to our country's friend,—for such you have eminently proved, and such, in your benevolent dispositions, I am persuaded you still continue.

To

To your Lordship therefore, in this capacity, my humble offering, with all its imperfections, flies for pardon and acceptance ; and which, I am persuaded, will be the more readily granted, being meant as a proof with how real and disinterested an esteem, I have the honour to be, my Lord Chesterfield's

Most obedient, and

Most faithful humble servant.

TO THE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

In imitation of some Passages in Horace, Ode 31. Lib. 1. and in Ode 5. Lib. 4. The Poet addresses himself to his Lyre as follows:

IF e'er in shady grot or bower
Thy sounds have charm'd the silent hour ;
Attun'd by thee, if e'er my lays
Shou'd reach to future distant days ;
Then let thy strains harmonious flow,
And give to Stanhope what they owe :
* Who tho' on Britain's weal intent,
Great, good, and wise as eloquent,
The patriot, who hath firm withstood,
And stem'd corruption's rapid flood ;

* Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma

Sive jactatum religaret udo

Littore navim.

* Yet when retir'd, can care beguile,
 And make the sportive muses smile ;
 Whether he strikes the sounding lyre,
 The charms of virtue to inspire ;
 Or whether tun'd to beauty's praise,
 He modulates his melting lays ;
 Still first amid the tuneful throng,
 The Sirens warble in his song.

O ! might I live to hail the day
 When Stanhope's delegated sway,
 Once more might bless Hibernia's Isle,
 And make her drooping muses smile :
 His lenient arts might then assuage
 Our little, selfish, factious rage ;
 To pride fix bounds unknown before,
 And teach ambition when to soar.

Methinks, reviv'd at Stanhope's sight,
 Each latent virtue springs to light.

† Prudence restrains each wild excess,
 And gives to wealth the power to bless.

* Liberum & Musas, Veneremque, & illi
 Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
 Et Lycum, nigris oculis nigroque
 Crine decorum.

† Jam Fides, & pax, & honor, pudorq,
 Priscus & neglecta redire virtus
 Audet. Carmen seculare.

The vain, the lavish sons of pride,
 Their gaudy trappings lay aside;
 Nor sell the birth-right to maintain
 Lewd riot, or a pageant train.

Debauch abash'd, with fluster'd face,
 Lurks in the cells of foul disgrace:
 While * stripling fots no longer dare
 To mingle with th' assembled fair.

† The laws, and manners of the age
 Correct the frenzies of wild rage.

‡ Who—now the sword vindictive draws
 In bold defiance of the laws?
 Or madly prodigal of life,
 Seeks honour in blood-thirsty strife?
 Honour—that shuns th' opprobrious deed,
 Prompt for the natal soil to bleed.

Fair decency with guardian aid,
 Attends her charge the blushing maid.
 The maid address'd by sober sense,
 Checks the vain fop's impertinence;
 The fop, t' attract the nymph's bright eyes,
 No more assumes the sot's disguise.

Justice prevents the shameful dun,
 The felon-gamester's wiles we shun.

* Or, sloven fots.

† Mox et lex maculosum edomuit nefas.

‡ Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythen?

Expell'd his haunts, new climes, new shores,
The guilty fugitive explores.

Like the gaunt wolf, nigh starv'd at home,
Who prowling seeks a distant roam;
The cottage, grave, explores for food,
Lur'd with the scent of human blood.

See! * arts revive and commerce spread,
The naked cloath'd, the hungry fed.
The labours of the furrowing plow
With harvests gild the mountain's brow.
With toil subdu'd, the barren plain
With plenty cheers the labouring swain.

Such were the pleasing scenes display'd,
When Chesterfield *Ierne* sway'd.
Who—when rebellion's bold alarms
Great George himself rous'd up to arms:
When war around its terrors spread,
And fill'd each panting heart with dread:

* Nutrit rura Ceres, almaq; Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ.

Lib. 5. Od. 3.

Quo mûsa tendis, desine pervicax
Referre sermones deorum; et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Od. 3. Lib. 3.

O decus Phœbi, & dapibus supremi
Grata tenudo Jovis, O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve

Rite vocanti.

With gentle, sage, yet firm command,
 From hostile rage preserv'd the land ;
 Rul'd in our hearts, bid faction cease,
 And Rome's fierce zealots charm'd to peace,

Ye bards, to Stanhope tune your lyres,
 Who first awoke your latent fires ;
 Who from the shade call'd merit forth,
 And patroniz'd neglected worth :
 Nor ever from the plaints of grief
 Withheld the gen'rous prompt relief.

But cease, fond muse, with barren praise
 To lessen Stanhope in thy lays ;
 For Horace seems with simile satiric,
 To check thy rambling panegyric ;
 And while, methinks, I see the sage,
 Thus I resume his classic page.

“ Badge of the God, celestial lyre,
 “ Who cheer the feasts of Heav'n's great Sire,
 “ Accept this tributary lay,
 “ And charm the cares of life away.”

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING LETTER.

S I R,

I F I better deserve the good opinion you entertain of me, I should more regret not having the pleasure of being known to you. But as there are many objects, which

to admire, one should not see too near; and as I very sincerely think myself one of them, I will enjoy the distance from which you view me, and to which I owe the most pleasing poetical incense I ever received. *Laudari a laudato Viro*, was always looked upon as the most sensible flattery to self-love; and such I now find it, from one who can think, act, and write as you do.

If, while I had the pleasure of residing in *Ireland*, I exerted my utmost endeavours for the service of that country, it was only what the duty of the post I was in, required.—And if I attain the truest affection for it, and the warmest wishes for its prosperity, as I shall ever do, it is no more than a return of gratitude for the marks of its good will and confidence.

Those which you, in particular, give me of your's, have justly excited in me the sentiments of the truest regard and esteem, with which I am,

S I R,

Your most faithful,

Humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Blackheath,

June 14th, 1753.

*The following SONG was written some time ago by
CAPTAIN MORRIS; addressed to LADY * * * *,
who asked him, "What the Passion of Love was*

YOU ask me what's love? — Why that virtue-fed
vapour,

Which Poets spread over our longings like gauze,
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper;
But flesh is my diet—and blood is the cause.

A delicate tendre, spun into Platonic,
Suits the feminine fop, whom no beauties provoke;
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,
And he loves as he fights, with a word and a stroke.

Yet I grant you there is a sweet madness of passion,
A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;
Tho', alas! my dear Madam, not five in the nation,
Whose souls have an optic to view the blest light.

But we speak not minds of distinguish'd selection,
But love, common love, in its earthly attire;
Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown af-
fection,
Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt desire.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's profusion,
 As the substance declines, rich appearances tries ;
 More gay as more weak, till this splendid delusion
 In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

Ah! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,
 No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue,
 'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your undoing,
 And pride, taste, or impotence, prompts the foul
 wrong.

For Love, 'in a tumult of soft agitation,
 O'ercome with its ardour, bids language retire ;
 And lost in emotions of troubled sensation,
 Still breathes the short accents of silent desire.

Yes, the God's on the wing, when a delicate Damon,
 In sickly composure, sits down to refine ;
 For Love, like a hectic, when weakly the stamen,
 Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

• If such be the Love you propose in the question,
 No doubt 'tis a phantom dress'd up by the mind ;
 And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,
 But the fraud of cold bosoms and vanities blind.

But for me, my dear madam, a poor carnal sinner,
 Whose love keeps no Lent, or on rhapsody starves ;
 With the sharp fauce of hunger I fall to my dinner,
 And take, without scruple, what happiness carves.

So, my good Lady * * * *, all beauty and merit,
 You see, tho' I doat on your face and your mind,
 The devil a grain should I feel of Love's spirit,
 If looks didn't warrant your shape and your kind.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile nature,
 But thus stands the case ; and in truth to my theme,
 Were my mistress the first both in mind in feature,
Unsex her, and passion would fade like a dream.

As a poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction,
 To dress in heroics the treacherous heart,
 But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain diction,
For Love moves with me in an honest part.

But, perhaps, you may know something more of the
 matter,

Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—
 A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter,
 And to hear it I'd always be *willing* and *mute*.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

THE Gods in council met, when Jove express'd:
 The secret purpose rolling in his breast :

“ Ye Pow'rs ! to whom the care of man belongs,
 Who grace with gifts, or celebrate in songs,

Our pleasure wills, (and what I will is fate)
 One mortal maid, one woman to create,
 One faultless work on this distinguish'd day,
 Heaven's last, best finish'd master-piece of clay—
 Haste to your sev'ral tasks ; let each prepare
 Some chosen gift, to dignify the fair."

Instant, Apollo snatch'd the silver lyre,
 That sounding near, infus'd a soul of fire ;
 Through all the mass the magic rapture stole—
 He touch'd—and harmony inspir'd the whole.
 Their harps and crowns th' immortal Muses bring—
 The babe delighted hears, and learns to sing.
 With Heaven's own beam to bless, young Génius flies—
 Sun-ward the smiling infant turns her eyes.
 Sweet Hebe youth bestow'd ; that lasting youth,
 The fruit of Virtue, and the flower of Truth.
 The Graces left their court, and round the Fair,
 Breathing sweet airs, in radiant pomp repair.
 As in light bands the sportive sisters run,
 Taste holds a torch, new-kindled at the sun :
 This to her hand the smiling Grace consign'd,
 To warm, to ravish, and exalt her mind.
 Of younger birth, fair *Elegance* drew nigh,
 The fires of Virtue beaming in her eye :
 Easy her air ; and with an ample swell,
 Her simple robes in flowing grandeur fell.
 Round the pleas'd infant her soft arms she threw :—
 The conscious infant laugh'd, and leap'd to view.

Last came sweet *Sentiment*, a sober grace !
 Soft was her soul, and pensive was her face ;
 A mirror of celestial frame she bore,
 A book it seem'd, with stars bestudded o'er—
 Gems of the soul ! that brighten as they pass
 In rich reflexion through the mental glass.
 This to the maid she gave, and giving, cry'd,
 “ Be this thy study ; this through life thy guide.”
 Drawn in a filken car by purple loves,
 Came Beauty's Goddess with her swans and doves :
 Looking unutterable joy, she smil'd,
 And gaz'd, and caught, and press'd, and kiss'd the
 child :

At each warm kiss th' enliven'd birth assumes
 A newer grace, with fresher beauty blooms :
 But Cynthia saw, and chastening ev'ry part,
 Dropp'd a cold icicle, that chill'd her heart.
 With fond applause the Sire of Gods survey'd
 The various graces of the gifted maid ;
 Then call'd her *Ella*, her celestial name,
 But men T * f * f * s. call the favour'd Dame.

JUDGEMENT OF HERCULES,

BY THE SAME.

SCARCE had Alcmena's godlike son
 The race of blooming twenty run ;

What

What time the doubtful down began
 To speak him neither boy nor man :
 In those green years, the spring of life,
 When Rapture holds with Reason strife ;
 When Youth's tumultuous pulses beat,
 And rise to more than Virtue's heat :—
 'Twas then, by various passions led,
 The lover's couch, the warrior's bed,
 By sloth possess'd, by glory fir'd,
 As Venus warm'd, or Mars inspir'd ;
 A silent, solitary shade,
 For thought and meditation made,
 Alcides sought, intent to learn,
 And Good from Evil to discern.
 Here as he mus'd, and in his mind
 Revolved the various tasks assign'd
 For mortal man, from youth to age,
 On busy life's important stage ;
 Before him stood, or seem'd to stand,
 Two Virgins, one on either hand.
 Like Pallas *this* :—august her air,
 As Wisdom's awful Goddess fair :
 Like Venus *that*, when first she sprung
 From Ocean's foam, and Love was young !
 Each with contending graces strove
 To move the mighty son of Jove.
 Earth ne'er beheld a brighter pair ;
 Here *Virtue* stood, and *Pleasure* there.

Their

Their separate charms Alcides views.
 And, doubting, hesitates to choose ;
 Admiring each, for each he burns,
 As either Goddess fir'd by turns :
 Each in his breast alternate reigns,
 And each divided sway maintains..

The dame of softer grace drew near,
 'Twas love to view, 'twas heaven to hear ;
 Towering she stands :—thus graceful show
 Along the flow'ry banks of Po,
 The sisters of the blasted boy ;
 Nor storms th' Herculean grove destroy.*
 And first, the subtle Syren tries
 The charm, her soothing voice supplies :
 She sings—and as the charmer sung,
 The tuneful magic of her tongue
 The hero's wond'ring ears admire,
 Sounds that subdue, and spells that fire !
 Thus sings the minstrel of the moon,
 When Night asserts her silent noon,

* The poplar was sacred to Hercules, with which the banks of the River Po, even to this day, abound. Few readers require to be told, that the sisters of the unfortunate Phaeton, called by Ovid, *Flammatus Puer*, were fabled to be changed into poplars, and to take their mournful station on the banks of this celebrated river, into which their *blasted* brother was supposed to fall. Lucan beautifully says,

————— *Hunc fabula primum—*

Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ.

LUCAN. lib. 2

In

In those soft shades of rapture, where
 The *classic* poplars rise in air.*
 Her looks the Loves and Smiles had dress'd,
 Fond looks ! that kindest thoughts express'd,
 Dimpling endearing wiles of joy,
 Bright to beguile, and sweetly coy.
 The star-bright glories of her eyes,
 Soft as the splendors of the skies ;
 When Eve's sweet lamp in heaven is hung,
 Glorious the minor lights among,
 She glanc'd.—But, ah ! 'twas death to view,
 Such danger from those glances flew.
 Exposed, and throbbing with delight,
 Upheav'd the bosom's heaven to fight,
 Where balms and odours breathing bland,
 The spoils of Saba's blissful land,
 With Love's own sweets perfum'd the air,
 Incense, that Gods might deign to share !
 Loose to the gale her garments flew,
 Her garments, glittering as the dew,

* It is worthy of observation, that the nightingales, with which the groves of poplar, on the river mentioned in the former note, every where are filled, sing remarkably sweet, and superior to the nightingales of any other known country, as if they actually bewailed in common with the "sisters of the blasted boy," the fate of the unhappy Phaeton. Strangers that travel into this part of Italy, are astonished at the music of these nightingales,

And

And changeful as the tints that flow
 From bright Thaumantia's spangled bow.
 One leg was bare, to bless the sight,
 The latent promis'd new delight;
 And round her swelling waist a zone
 Of loves and radiant graces shone.
 There boys in hov'ring bands were seen,
 Fanning with purple wings their queen;
 And Laughter there, and Rapture hung,
 And Sport to meet his mistress sprung.
 A myrtle garland graced her head:
 The locks in curls dependent spread,
 Like blooming hyacinths behind,
 Wooing with amorous sweets the wind.
 Like the twin-sisters of the bush,
 As bright, though with a borrow'd blush,
 Deep sham'd her cheeks a gaudy red;
 No rose, by nature's pencil spread:
 Her lips, that sham'd the tulip's hues,
 A thousand purpling sweets effuse,
 Soft as the peach's silken bloom,
 Luscious, and melting with perfume.
 As Autumn ripe, as April fair,
 She mov'd the Season's chosen care.
 A cup she held, of potent spell,
 The mighty and the strong to quell:
 Joy in the liquor seem'd to swim,
 And Love stood laughing on the brim.

The Syren then: "In me behold
 What bards of happiness have told;
 'Tis I that lead the dance; 'tis I
 The banquet and the bowl supply ::
 Mine is the wreath; to me belong
 The voice of mirth, the soul of song,
 The lute, the laugh, the pulse of fire,
 And melting eye, that rolls desire.
 What cheers the smell, what charms the sight,
 What gives the taste or touch delight;
 Soft ease reclin'd on beds of down,
 And peace unruff'd with a frown;
 Eternal sunshine of the soul,
 Though tempests threat, and thunders roll:—
 These are the blessings I bestow,
 For man they charm, for man they flow.

Th' obedient seasons wait my call,
 In each I live, inspiring all.
 For me gay *Spring* perfumes her bow'rs,
 And spots for me her meads with flowers.
 For me the rose of beauty breathes,
 For me she forms the lover's wreaths;
 Or round the social goblet twines,
 In concert with the curling vines;
 And not one myrtle of the May
 But feels my pow'r, and boasts my sway.

Advancing *Summer* next is seen,
 Printing with rosy feet the green;

Buxom she comes, with golden grace,
 And wears for me a warmer face ;
 For me her bounteous bosom glows,
 For me her fondest zephyr blows ;
 For me her mellowing fruits assume
 A richer zest, a brighter bloom.
 I swell the seed, I gild the corn,
 And teem in Plenty's pregnant horn :
 Each Season's blessings still are mine,
 And all those blessings shall be thine.

To Summer, Autumn's strength succeeds—
 For me Pomona's vintage bleeds,
 For me she purples in the vine,
 As the prest clusters foam with wine.
 The burnish'd bough she loads for me,
 But loads in vain, unless for thee.

Stern Winter at my presence flies :
 I gild December's frowning skies.
 The Loves and Lares hear my call,
 'Tis Mirth and Music in the hall.
 The merry, merry tabors sound,
 And nymphs advance, and shepherds bound,
 And jest, and joy, and sport, and play,
 Charm the long night, and speed the day ;
 Or *Bromius** ministers the bowl,
 To warm and elevate the soul.

* One of the names of Bacchus.

These are our triumphs and delights,
 Unvex'd by cares, and camps, and fights ;
 Amid the battle's thund'ring din,
 Where Hydras hiss, and Gorgons grin ;
 Where *Danger* takes his daily round,
 Active, and vigilant to wound ;
 Where *Death*, in mad ambition's walks,
 With more than giant terror stalks ;
 Where prostrate *Honor* bleeding lies,
 " With not a friend to close his eyes ;"
 Where fell *Oppression* clanks his chain,
 And *Pity* pleads, but pleads in vain ;
 And savage *Mars* severely smiles,
 And *Pain* rewards the warrior's toils.

" Turn, my Alcides, turn to me :—
 And will not Hercules be free ?
 One look—one tender look bestow !—
 Ah ! nurse not voluntary woe.
 I come with fondest care to please,
 To lap thee in Elysian ease,
 To soothe with charming sounds thy soul,
 And life's vexatious storms controul ;
 With joy's unclouded, sun-bright rays,
 To gild the fortune of thy days :
 Whilst *Care*, that like the bat of night,
 With darkness dwells, and shuns the light,
 At *Pleasure's* bright approach retires :—
 The lark alone to heaven aspires."

All as she spoke, th' enamour'd boy,
 Bewilder'd in a world of joy,
 Drank the destruction of her tongue,
 And blest the rapture as she sung—
 Delighted, ravish'd, fix'd, amaz'd!
 He look'd, he sigh'd, he blush'd, he gaz'd.
 With secret joy the Syren view'd,
 And thus her guileful song pursu'd :

“ Creation's works my power declare,
 I people ocean, earth, and air.
 The scaly nations of the deep
 With me their mirthful revels keep,
 Sporting in coral bowers, where I
 Their pregnant pleasures multiply;
 And as they skim the brine above,
 They dance for joy, and leap for love.
 Or, when the tempest's thunder raves,
 Secure beneath the wintry waves,
 They view the boiling billows rise,
 Tossing the vessel to the skies.
 When Ocean's freezing bosom feels
 The cold, that Winter's rage congeals,
 Safe from the rigours of the year,
 Nor blasts, nor storms, nor frosts they fear.
 No change of seasons there they know,
 'Tis *Pleasure's* lasting spring below :
 Thus all, who deep with Neptune dwell,
 Though mute, my triumphs loudly tell.

“ The

“ The lawless tyrants of the wood
Pleasure pursue, their noblest good.
 Panthers and Pards enjoy my flames,
 Grappling their fable-spotted dames.
 My voice, my precepts these obey,
 And art thou savager than they ?

“ On me the tribes of air attend ;
 The plummy people call me friend :
 I form their labour'd songs of love,
 And swell the concert of the grove.
 The strong, victorious bird that bears
 Jove's fork'd thunders through the spheres,
 Bows to my yoke, and bends to me ;
 Nor thou, my Son, art less than he.
 Since *Pleasure*, then, thro' Nature reigns,
 And glad Creation wears my chains,
 Shall great Alcides, sprung from Jove,
 Whose birth is register'd above,
 Disdain the blessings of the sky,
 Which Gods partake, and Gods supply ?

“ Then take—'tis *Pleasure's* cup divine,
 That mantles with immortal wine.
 Who tastes shall live, who drinks shall find
 One sweet delirium of the mind,
 Where joy and boundless raptures reign.—
 Life without *Pleasure* were but pain.”

She ended : but her words impart
 Resistless transport to his heart.

Awhile irresolute he stood,
 Divided, charm'd, but not subdu'd.
 Panting and pale his colour flies,
 Lost in sweet tumults of surprize;
 Now trembling, fainting, doubting, dying;
 Now half-resolved, now half-complying;
 His hand he stretched, with fatal haste,
 The death-empoison'd cup to taste,
 When *Virtue* interpos'd her voice,
 And fix'd his fluctuating choice.
 Sublime her front, and in her mien,
 Mildness with majesty was seen;
 Such majesty as gilds the morn,
 When Dawn's bright daughter first is born.
 No loose desires her dress betray'd,
 The decent graces deck'd the maid.
 White were her robes; and on these robes
 Were pictur'd heaven's resplendent globes;
 The full-orb'd moon, th' unwearied sun,
 Whose endless course is never done;
 Orion, flaming in the sky;
 The Morn, and Phosphor's golden eye:
 There, with her sword and balance shone
 Astræa on a starry throne:
 No bandage bound her piercing sight,
 Keen, and intuitively bright;
 For yet she ruled, nor man had driven
 'Th' offended fugitive to heaven.

Here *Conquest* in her blood-stain'd car,
 By eagles drawn, advanc'd to war :
 Here Terra's giant offspring stand ;—
 Each holds a mountain in his hand ;
 Striving Olympus to invade,
 With Pelion's weight on Ossa laid.
 And thrice they strove, and tofs'd on high
 The rocky ruin to the sky :
 But Jove in thunders rushed, and hurl'd
 The miscreants to th' infernal world.
 Imperial turrets crown'd her head,
 With palms and peaceful olives spread ;
 Immortal meeds, that bloom in song,
 And still to heroes' fame belong !
 A flaming sword, as lightning bright,
 She rais'd ;—too strong for mortal fight.
 On her left arm, advanced before,
 A shield of adamant she bore,
 On whose broad bos uprose in fire
 Huge Hydras and Chimeras dire ;
 The terror of Arcadia's plain ;
 The Gold, by dragons watch'd in vain ;
 Geryon's triple-bodied frame ;
 Næmea's fierce monster, breathing flame ;
 The Dog of Death, whose hideous yell
 Howls through the bleak abyss of hell ;
 The branching beast, with brazen feet ;
 The terror-teeming Bull of Crete ;

And

And on their mangled master fed
 The savage steeds of Diomed.
 Here, loosen'd of her zone,* was seen
 Thermodon's stern axe-bearing Queen.
 Scar'd by the brazen din, upflew
 The foul Stymphalian birds in view,
 And as they mount the shaded air,
 Their flapping wings loud war declare.
 Himself amid the glorious toils,
 Grasping a club, and cloath'd with spoils,
 The much-admiring Chief espies,
 And palms and pictur'd trophies rise!
 Bright earnest of his future fame!
 He views, he feels the kindling flame:

* The twelve labours of Hercules, which are here described on the shield of Virtue, it is presumed have a good effect; they are not, however, all equally easy of solution. This of loosening the zone of the Amazon, as directed by Juno, it is difficult to account for, and remains unexplained by the Critics. The old Geographers have placed the country of the Amazons in that of the modern Circassians, among whom it is possible, and even probable, that the remains of their original may be traced; and as it is more likely to find them in the *customs* and *manners* of a people, than any where else; the ceremony observed by the present Circassian husbands of *cutting the belt* of their wives on the day of marriage, which is sacredly and religiously worn till marriage breaks it, may be a sign of *subjection* of the woman to her new lord and master, who by this ceremony may be said to have conquered her, and to hold her by a symbol in subjection. This, however, is submitted to the learned by way of conjecture only.

His bold heart beats ; his panting soul
 Expands, and burns for glory's goal.
 Pleas'd *Virtue* mark'd the godlike man,
 Seiz'd the glad omen, and began :

“ Hail, matchless youth ! immortal seed
 Of Jove, from whom the brave proceed ;
 Would'st thou be happy—follow me—
 True greatness heaven reserves for thee.
 The Gods with vigor strung thy frame,
 They gave thy soul with Mars to flame,
 That thou in glory might'st excell,
 But most the monster, *Passion*, quell.
 From Heaven I come, thy steps to guide,
 To fall, or conquer by thy side ;
 To lead thee to the founts of Truth,
 And match thee with immortal youth.*
 What claims respect, what draws renown,
 'Tis *Labour* gains, and *Toils* that crown :
 Whate'er is glorious, great, or fair,
 Is *Virtue's* boast, and *Virtue's* care.
 Would'st thou be honour'd by the State ?
 In arms defend her—and be great.
 Thy country calls thee to the field ;
 'Tis thine to vanquish, thine to shield ;

* By the marriage of Hercules with Hebe, the ancients meant that the deeds of heroes bloom undiminished through time, and live, as it were, in perpetual youth.

To tame the rude, uncultur'd foil,
 And make the desert Graces smile ;
 Adorning with the arts of Peace,
 The glory and the guard of Greece.
 Shall Sloth, shall Music's soothing strains,
 Unman the virtue in thy veins ?
 If music must thy passions fire,
 Let praise, thy country's praise inspire :
 Let War's alarms thy breast inflame,
 The music of a hero's name.*
 Let the shrill trumpet shake thy soul,
 Let Mars the battle's thunder roll :
 Be each inglorious care suppress'd,
 And warm the warrior in thy breast.
 From Virtue's hill what prospects rise,
 Though labour in the conquest lies !
 Unfading beauties bloom around,
 Sweet-warbling airs celestial sound ;
 Ascending from the vale below,
 Health's own ambrosial odours blow ;
 And golden suns for ever shine,
 To make thy life on earth divine.

* Themistocles being asked what sort of music he most admired ?

“ The voice of him,” replied the hero, “ that best sounds the praises of
 “ my actions.”—An answer worthy of the man that made it. —

Morace beautifully alludes to the music of a good name.

“ Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem

“ Occupet humanam ?”

Lib. II. Epist. 2.

Or should one sorrow intervene,
 To sadden the delightful scene,
 'Tis Pity's tender drops that flow
 For miserable man below.

“ Delighting and delighted, I
 Dwell with the blest above the sky.
 The Graces in my train are seen,
 My handmaids they, and I their Queen :
 Those Graces that on Wisdom wait,
 When Jove's proud daughter moves in state.
 I guard the good man's peaceful door,
 And make his happiness secure :
 And 'tis th' industrious labourer's lot
 To find me constant at his cot.
 Then mark the moral I advise,
 'Tis Wisdom speaks, nor Wisdom lies :
 To curb the monsters of the mind,
 (Those monsters that enslave mankind)
 The light of Reason first was giv'n,
 A beam to man deriv'd from heaven.
 But *Pleasure's* specious smiles of joy
 Riot's mad sons of Mirth destroy.
Her cups with pois'nous juices fill'd,
 Though myrtles crown, and roses gild,
 Unnerve the strong, the gay consume,
 And lay their triumphs in the tomb.
 The body's health *her* feasts impair,
 Whilst the sick sense half loaths its fare ;

BUT VIRTUE'S well-earn'd meals afford,
 Banquets, unknown to *Pleasure's* board.
 Then dare be great.—This sword and shield,
 Which none like thee so well can wield,
 (The same to Mars by Wisdom giv'n,
 The glorious workmanship of heaven),
 At once thy guide and guard shall prove,
 To fit thee for the feasts of Jove."

She said. The hero paus'd awhile,
 Allur'd by *Pleasure's* golden smile ;
 For the false Syren cast a look,
 That half his resolution shook ;
 But Jove that instant warm'd his soul,
 And bade his loudest thunders roll.
 Alcides hail'd the voice divine,
 " And " *Virtue ! Virtue !* I am thine ;
 Be *thou*, my choice, be *thou* my guide !"
 Jove's mighty son transported cry'd,

Indignant *Pleasure* then began—
 " Cease thy proud boast, ambitious man !
 I see, nor distant is the day,
 I see, vain Greece ! thy power decay :
 I see corruption, sloth, and lust,
 Dash thy proud glories in the dust.
 I see thy virtue, Sparta, fled ;
 I see thy freedom, Athens, dead !
 Lo ! Rome receives my willing chain,
 And half the nations bless my reign.

Even Britain's self unmann'd I see,
 Her bravest youth shall bend to me;
 Her warriors into women grow,
 Arm'd less for service than for show.
 Her chiefs the quarter-deck shall quit,
 On sofas with the fair to sit,
 And Sloth's soft-cushion'd couch be spread,
 For the hard hammock's flock-bound bed;
 While music, mirth, and masque, and song,
 Emasculate the bold and strong.
 Her clergy, as they pray for bread,
 Shall pimp for those by whom they're fed;
 And stall-proud dignities be mine,
 To sanctify the dull divine,
 For whom in *Pleasure's* festive hall,
 The fattest of the flock shall fall.
 Her lawyers, arm'd with poison'd quills,
 Like vultures, shall advance their *bills*;
 And Harpies on the wings of fraud
 Come rushing, flying all abroad.
 Where Isis winds her willowy way,
 And Cam's slow-circling eddies play;
 Her youth shall lift the coxcomb head,
 With *Pleasure's* sweets profusely spread:
 Nor Learning's odours there shall rise,
 But Fops to Folly sacrifice;
 And Grace, and Chesterfield melt down
 The bullion of the British crown.

Or,

Or, should our promis'd empire fail,
 And *Virtue* one short hour prevail,
 Italian airs my power shall fix,
 By fiddles propp'd, and fiddle-sticks.
Mara's sweet shake shall lull the land,
 Lords with *Giardini* lead the band,
Castrato swell the full-voic'd choir,
 And manhood's self in squeaks expire ;
 And last, by each unthinking fool,
 VIRTUE be turn'd to ridicule.
 Thus *Pleasure's* empire all shall own,
 And Britain vindicate my throne."

She said, and instant shot from sight,
 But dropp'd her mantle in her flight.

ON THE SIGHT OF MISS VASSAL,*

AT MRS. JOLLIFFE'S MASQUERADE,

February 27, 1786.

BY RICHARD PAUL JODRELL, ESQ.

IMPERIAL nymph ! ill-suited is thy name
 To speak the wonders of that radiant frame :
 Where'er thy sov'reign form on earth is seen,
 All eyes are—VASSALS ;—thou alone, a queen.

* Since married to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, Suffex,
 Bart.

E P I G R A M.

Eruditissime Coaklè, tu eris semper mihi magnus Apollo.

COMPAR'D with *great* Lettsom, how *little* is Herschel,
A world he discover'd, but Lettsom the Wurzell ;
That far distant orb with contempt we should treat,
What good will it do ? Now the root we can eat,
Herschel's *star* is thus prov'd much inferior to *beet*. }

ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF CLOE
SNAPPUM,

A LADY'S FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

A JEU D'ESPRIT, BY DR. FOTHERGILL, OF BATH.

*Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus
Tam cari CAPITIS!*

HOR.

POOR Clo on Delia's downy lap
Took many a sweet and balmy nap ;
When Delia breath'd the evening air,
Clo frisk'd and gambol'd near the fair :
Full oft, indeed, the pamper'd elf,
Like Bladud's pig, o'er-slept himself ;
When pinch'd by Damon, wicked wight,
She'd loudly snore—then snap and bite ;

Dart

Dart squinting eye—prick swivel ear,
 And in shrill *bow-wow* accents swear.
 But now poor Cloe's race is run—
 Adieu to roguish mirth and fun.
 Two doctors held a learn'd debate
 On Cloe's case—alas, too late !
 For at the ruthless tyrant's call,
 Monkeys, and men, and lap-dogs fall !
 Remember this—ye belles and beaux,
 Your eyes, like her's, at length must close !—
 Soon must ye quit your sprightly mirth,
 And mingle with your parent earth !
 Where Kings, and Queens, and Peers of State,
 With—lap-dogs share one common fate !
 Thus Delia mourn'd—while in each eye
 The big broad drop stood trembling by.

Now Cloe's soft skin—dear, precious stuff !
 Adorns fair Delia's fav'rite muff :
 Still glistens while 'tis gently press'd,
 And fondly by the nymph caress'd ;
 Now sooths her arm, her lips, her cheek,
 Still pleas'd to “ dwell in dimple sleek.”
 But stop—methinks I've said enough—
 Oh, happy—happy—happy muff !

D A M O N.

ON DELIA'S BIRTH DAY.

AN ANACREONTIC.—BY THE SAME.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsando tellus.*

HOR.

PREPARE, ye swains, the jocund lay
To welcome DELIA's natal day:
Around your brows the myrtle bind,
Commit your sorrows to the wind:
Let Love, and Joy, and mirthful Glee,
This day your boon companions be.
Come join the gay—the jovial throng,
Begin the dance—begin the song——
Let sparkling brimmers crown the feast,
“Then welcome song, and welcome jest.”
Let sprightly wit and mirth abound,
While lovely Delia's health goes round.

Attune your notes to Delia's praise,
For well the nymph deserves your lays;
From morn to eve prolong the tale,
And render vocal ev'ry vale;
Search ev'ry wood, and grove, and plain,
“You scarce will meet her like again.”

DAMON.

ELE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SACRED

To the Memory of a much-lamented Friend, who, bathing in the Sea on the Coast of Pembrokeſhire, was, by a ſudden Swell waſhed away and unfortunately drowned, on the 2d of Auguſt, 1781. What rendered the Cataſtrophe ſtill more melancholy, was its happening in the Preſence of a mutual Friend of the Deceas'd, and the Author.

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

Finis Vitæ ejus nobis luſtuſus.

TACT. IN AGRICOL.

WHAT Muſe of Pity ſhall my heart invoke,
What mournful meaſure to expreſs its grief,
Lament the ſocial bond of friendſhip broke,
And venting ſorrow give my breaſt relief !

How vain are all the purpoſes of man,
Our hopes of happineſs and dreams of love !
Fruitleſs the ſcenes our fond ideas plan,
While doubtful hangs the balance from above.

Full in the pride of bold aſpiring youth,
With active health, and cheerful ſpirits bleſs'd,
I've loſt a friend—a friend of matchleſs truth,
Whoſe mind each gen'rous virtue ſure poſſeſs'd !

And thou, Eugene, whom Heav'n in pity spar'd,
 And left me not a friendless wretch to mourn,
 What agonizing pangs thy bosom shar'd,
 When hapless Carlos from thy sight was borne !

Ah, cruel wave ! that wash'd him from the shore,
 And broke a link of friendship's sacred chain !
 Why would'st thou not unto his friend restore
 The breathless body from the dreary main ?

Alas ! his corpse expos'd to parching wind,
 Floats o'er the surface of the treach'rous deep !
 (Oh, wretched mortals, to the future blind !)
 I little thought his timeless death to weep.

And such a death !—ere half his days were flown,
 Just as he enter'd on the world's wide stage ;
 When all those seeds in ripen'd strength had grown,
 Which Virtue planted in an early age.

No friendly care his relicks to attend,
 Nor decent stone his merits to record ;
 No warning sent of his approaching end,
 Nor knowledge of the awful, dread award !

Yet with submission let us humbly bend,
 And be our guilty murm'rings all suppress'd !
 The Almighty call'd to Heav'n my much-lov'd friend,
 And what his will decrees must prove the *best*.

And

And tho' no pompous honours are bestow'd,
 No fun'ral rights upon his wat'ry bier;
 Friendship shall pay the debt so justly ow'd,
 And yield the annual tribute of a tear.

Oft as that fatal morning shall return,
 That gave my friend for ever to the wave,
 Fancy before my eyes shall place his urn,
 And call his image from the wat'ry grave.

Then, when the vision opens to my view,
 His many virtues Mem'ry shall impart;
 And proving to our friendship ever true,
 Shall write his Epitaph—upon my heart!

ON MR. MASON'S ABUSE OF THE LATE DR. SAMUEL
 JOHNSON, IN THE MEMOIRS OF MR. WILLIAM
 WHITEHEAD.

WHILE *Johnson* spoke, poor *Mason*'s wrath was
 dumb,
 But *Johnson* silenc'd, prattles o'er his tomb.
 Thus, at some eagle slain, once frightened crows,
 With dastard vengeance aim their puny blows.
Mason! what wreath shall grace that critic's head,
 Who fear'd the living, but insults the dead?

ON SEEING THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE IN AN
HALF-MASK AT THE OPERA HOUSE GALA IN 1787.

O QUITE reveal that heav'nly face,
Where LOVE and all his CHERUBS play!
So Morn's first blush in shades we trace,
And anxious wait the brilliant day.

B R O O K E S ' s G A L A .

April, 1789.

A I R .

SUNG BY KELLY AND STORACE.

CHORUS.

HARK! heard you not yon joyful cry,
That loudly tore the echoing sky?
'Twas BRITAIN's voice—to Heav'n her thanks ascend,
Thanks for her King restor'd, her Father, and her
Friend.

DUETTO.

No more, by fears oppress'd,
The mother beats her breast,
Or, lost in anguish wild,
Hangs weeping o'er her child.

CHORUS,

CHORUS.

Forth from the cloud, which late his face o'erspread,
The Star of Brunswick burst, a purer light to shed.

CHORUS.

Come then, sweet Minstrelsy and Song,
And youthful Dance trip it along;
Come gay-ey'd Mirth and frolic Sport,
Not the loose joys of Comus' Court.

O D E

ON THE

RESTORATION OF HIS MAJESTY,

RECITED BY

Mrs. SIDDONS;

WRITTEN BY MR. MERRY.

REFULGENT from his zenith height,
The vast orb show'rs the living light,
While roseate Beauty hails the bounteous stream;
Gigantic Ocean drinks the blaze,
Wild on his boundless billows plays,
And shakes his glitt'ring tresses to the beam.

But

But see, engender'd in the gloom
 Of fullen Night's unhallow'd womb,
 Dim clouds arise, and vapours fell;
 Onward they speed their baneful flight,
 Spread o'er the Heav'ns their shadowy spell,
 Deform the promis'd day, and veil the glorious light.

Ah! now far off the tim'rous pleasures haste,
 Sad Silence slumbers in the list'ning waste:
 From her lorn cave poor Melancholy steals,
 And scarce a sigh her secret pang reveals;
 Hush'd are the Zephyrs, mute the tuneful grove,
 The notes that wak'd to joy, the gales that whisper'd
 love.

—— But short the mournful change—behold
 Again from high the radiant splendour roll'd;
 See, the fresh flow'rs with brighter tints are spread,
 And richer colours paint the mountain's head;
 The wanton river, more luxuriant leads
 His silv'ry current through the laughing meads;
 A sweeter song the feather'd minstrel tries,
 Far sweeter perfumes from the blossoms rise;
 'Tis Nature's incense fills the bright'ning skies.

—— So when thy lustre, George, awhile
 Was lost to Britain's sorrowing isle,

Appall'd,

Appall'd, we shrunk beneath the blow ;
 'The boldest heart confest dismay,
 Despair o'ercaſt our Glory's day,
 Witneſs'd a Sov'reign's worth, and ſpoke a nation's woe.

— But riſing now to tranſport from her fears,
 Health be to George, our King, Britannia cries ;
 Waſt the warm wiſh, ye gales that riſe,
 Spread the glad ſounds, ye echoing ſpheres,
 Where'er Britannia proud her victor ſceptre rears ;
 Let diſtant Continents declare
 The glorious cauſe that wakes a nation's care,
 When in diſaſter's heavy hour,
 Dire ſickneſs clouds the Monarch's brow,
 'Tis that unſhrinking from his hallowed vow,
 That Monarch, to his free-born people juſt,
 Reigns but for thoſe who gave him pow'r,
 And makes it glory to deſerve the truſt.
 Long reſt the ſceptre in his equal hand,
 And to his ſway may Heav'n propitious be ;
 Long may he rule a willing land,
 But, oh ! for ever may that land be free !

— Have we not ſeen a threat'ning world combine,
 To tear the laurels from Britannia's ſhrine ;
 Seen countleſs navies load the weary main,
 Legions on legions ſwell th' embattl'd plain ?
 Yes, with diſdain have ſeen them, and they know
 How quick the bold preſumption ends in woe :

As when of yore, on Poictier's purple field,
 Gaul's regal'd lord resign'd his lili'd shield,
 When CRESSY's troops the fable Chief rever'd,
 And first ICH DIEN on his plumes appear'd.
 So still the vanquish'd foes of Albion find,
 Nought can resist th' unconquerable mind ;
 From Eliot's thunder, Rodney's rage they fly,
 Fate gives th' inspiring word—'Tis GEORGE and
 LIBERTY !

Fairy people ! ye who dwell
 In fragrant Ev'ning's vap'ry cell,
 To the clear moon oft repair,
 And quaff the spirit of the air !
 Bear Britannia's votive wreath,
 Where the gentlest zephyrs breathe ;
 Lave it in the sapphire tides,
 Where immortal Fame resides ;
 Mark the leaves which valour wove,
 Gather'd by the hand of Love ;
 Virtue bless'd them as she view'd,
 'Tis the wreath of gratitude !

— Yet still a noble palm to Britain's heir
 Let the fond ardour of affection bear ;
 Just so the favour'd PRINCE, in whom we trace
 The brightest glories of the Brunswick race ;
 Unfeign'd benevolence, grace void of art,
 The mildest nature, and the firmest heart ;

Feelings, that share the grateful bliss they give,
 When blushing bounty bids the suff'rer live;
 The pride of gen'rous worth which pants to prove,
 His dearest birthright is the people's love;
 His best ambition to revere that law,
 Which holds the free-born heart in willing awe.
 Such are the virtues happy Britons own,
 Diffuse reflected lustre on a throne.
 And lo! HIBERNIA, from her fertile coast,
 Leans o'er the lucid waves to hear the boast;
 Then gaily strikes her harp's melodious string,
 And with the fond applauses greets the spring;
 Greets the light blast which jocund speeds away,
 To where the Atlantic clasps the sinking day.
 Spread, ye soft gales, our nation's honour raise,
 And blend in kindred fame fraternal praise.
 Tho' thou, ingenuous YORK, all praise disclaim,
 And in a brother's glory seek thy fame,
 Howe'er with conscious worth thy bosom glows,
 Thou art the foe of none but Freedom's foes.
 Blest be those youths whose love and duty wait,
 To guard the public parent of the State—
 And blest the Father, who when ills invade,
 From Heav'n and Nature claims the surest aid.

Sullen Hate and Party Spleen,
 Pride and Envy quit the scene!
 Friendship here, and Pleasure bind
 Flow'ry fetters on the mind;

Female charms around conspire—

Beaming love, and soft desire ;

Forms celestial, that surpass

Those beheld in Fancy's glass, -

When the youthful Poet's eye

Meets the vision'd ecstasy.

Sons of Freedom, hither haste,

Only you the bliss can taste,

Only you have pow'r to prove

What is Beauty, what is Love.

Sons of Freedom, hither throng,

Join with us the loyal song,

'Till in glad concord ev'ry heart agree,

BRUNSWICK'S blest line—BRITANNIA'S liberty.

Written in Ireland, in August, 1786.

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

BY R. J.

AN attempt we know has been made to assassinate his Majesty. That gracious Providence, which all good men should pray may still continue to guard his sacred person, has been pleased to preserve him from a danger so imminent, and so surprising. In the memory of no man living have the internal annals of Great Britain been stained with an atrocity so uncongenial to the spirit of that country. The press and idle tongues have too often scattered
their

their obloquy and treason upon Royalty, but till now the knife has not been unsheathed against the life of our Sovereign. A woman's, it is true, and a lunatic's, was the hand which rais'd the weapon, and his Majesty's royal clemency instantly forbad any rigour to be used towards her. Such presence of mind, and such humanity, require no ornament ; they pronounce at once their own panegyric. Yet though the perpetration was frustrated, the very *idea* of such a crime must kindle every latent spark of fervour and loyalty in every honest breast through his dominions.

Many, no doubt, will be the ignorant exaggerations, and not fewer, perhaps, the vague conjectures in consequence of this shocking incident ; frenzy too may not in general be so easily traced up to its source, as avoided in its outrages ; but though this horror will end where it began, in madness, yet Prudence may take instruction from it. A spirit of traiterous licentiousness has too long pervaded and disgraced the publications spread over the British Empire—like cankers, they eat their way into the core of Loyalty. While the atrabilious blood of England grows blacker at their perusal, visions of abuse and reformation perplex the crazy fancy of their readers, till the most sanguinary and wicked enterprizes appear to be the most Constitutional, because they are the most summary and desperate. Had our King no other claim to the respectful allegiance of his people, the first title in our Law (while we have any) ought not to be bespattered
with

with shameless scurrility, and made substantive to the vilest epithets: besides the treason, they defeat the purpose they would effect, debasing the nations which can tolerate, and not the Prince, who must despise them. Disgustful in the foulest degree to every liberal understanding, they produce more serious ill consequences than the mere loathing or indignation of *Gentlemen*. The ignorance of foreign nations believe, or their cunning emissaries pretend to believe, that the Assertors of the British Constitution are grown weary of its boasted pre-eminence, that all distinctions being confounded, all respect to decency lost, even Majesty itself openly reviled with brutal impunity, such a State must be upon the brink of Anarchy, and is prepared to fling itself into the chains of Despot. The most powerful they know is most likely to rule in the chaos. It would be great injustice to the motive which excites these apprehensions to charge the Writer of this well-intended paper with a wish to restrain the free discussion of any public measure, or the just censure of undeserving Ministers. He would step forward to restrain Majesty itself in all its pomp and splendour, if he saw it attempting to stride over the barriers of Law and the Constitution; but that restraint to be respected should be respectful, nor ought the Gentry of these Realms to forget that, though Liberty be their inheritance, they were born subjects. During the reign of his Present Majesty, this Kingdom has emerged from a state of obscurity and depression, where she had long lain

lain groveling under his Predecessors. A vindictive retrospect to our former unmerited condition can but fill the public mind with gloomy dissatisfaction, frustrating at once the means of present enjoyment, and obstructing those of future acquisition. It is the spleen of a Misanthrope, not the sense of a Politician. The delegated authority of this Government is now in the hands of a noble Person of unblemished honour and of tried resolution. We have experienced such qualities in our present Viceroy, and may no savage excesses among the lower orders of the People, nor any dangerous and ill-timed competitions of those in a sphere above them, compel us speedily to seek for the same in the Duke of Rutland's Successor.

That Ministers have not been permanent, has been a heavy misfortune, especially in this latter æra, to this untoward country, nor is it to be ascribed, as some have carelessly persuaded themselves, either to the design or to the levity of his Majesty. Give other causes a fair examination, and we shall find the true one. A remote Colonial War, at once fomented and decried at home, ungracious in its object, and in its prosecution embarrassed by all the impediments which nature could interpose against it; the ambitious and intriguing policy of our natural enemies, humiliated for a time by defeats, but always vigilant and aspiring; the high dissentious temper of parties in the seat of dominion; in short, a combination of difficulties have too often forced the Crown to bow with the gale of public opinion, while unfortunately
that

that gale has not been, at any period, long enough steady; Ministers of course have been shifted with it. But whatever part we may chuse to assign to his Majesty in these movements, no well-informed man has charged him with indifference to the welfare of this Island. On the contrary, his Royal protection, and encouragement of Ireland have sometimes excited jealousy, or the affectation of it, in the bosoms of some of his temporary Counsellors; so that whatever connections or partial regards may be among us for any particular set of men, the King is, or I am certain ought to be, the first collective object of our affection and duty. -

Next to the wild enormity of the attempt to deprive our most excellent and amiable Sovereign of his life, would be that of suffering conjecture or suspicion to wander beyond what has been made manifest to the world. It is not possible that any true British or Irish heart could be depraved or cowardly enough to suggest a traiterous assassination as an expedient for any purpose whatsoever. It will end where it began, in the insanity of a wretched woman. A Clement and a Ravillac were the offspring of an enslaved Country, and their deeds the genuine brood of Monckery and Fanaticism;—before such fiends the Tyrant, and the Father of his People, fall without distinction. The generous historians, even of an arbitrary Government, sensible of the true cause why Princes are not safe upon their thrones or in their chambers, continue to posterity the detestation of such monsters. With
the

the same spirit, and with one voice, may the People of these Realms execrate the late example, and devoutly offer up their acknowledgements to the King of Kings for the preservation of their Sovereign!

A FRIEND TO THE CONSTITUTION.

I N S C R I P T I O N

ON A TEMPLE AT CASTLETOWN, THE SEAT OF THE
RIGHT HON. THOMAS CONOLLY, IN THE COUNTY
OF KILDARE, DEDICATED TO CAROLINE COUN-
TESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

YOU gentle spirits who approach this feat,
Enter with thoughts composed, and reverent feet,
While art and nature charm th' admiring eye,
Give the soft tribute of one tender sigh,
To her who distant glads some happier sphere,
Yet leaves her lov'd idea ever here.

Here beauteous *Caroline* was wont to shun
The dazzling blaze of yon meridian sun,
And here retired, from his bright beams withdrawn,
The noblest object those bright beams cou'd view,
A gen'rous breast with glowing kindness warm,
A heart unspotted, and an angel's form.
Hail, dear retreat! may ev'ry sylvan pow'r
With care distinguish'd guard this favour'd bow'r.

R. JEPHSON.

EXTEMPORE LUDICROUS MILTONIC VERSES,

TO THE LATE MRS. GARDINER.

FROM MR. JEPHSON.

MADAM! I write an humble suitor to you.

There is an actress, Mrs. *Taplin* hight,
 Whose benefit comes on next Saturday,
 Fam'd *As You Like It* is the spectacle,
 Invading Harlequin's the Interlude,
 And plump *Miss Pope* plays *Dorothea Snip*.
 To these succeeds, by way of *Petite Piece*,
 The Masque of *Comus*, which the eyeless Bard
 (*Britannia's Homer*) in immortal verse
 Gave to th' admiring world, where moral grave,
 Pleasure's allurements, and the revel route
 Of Bacchanalian Riot, Dance and Song,
 The cup of Circe, and the Sorcerer's wand,
 Bright Spirits clad in weeds from Iris woof,
 And Sensuality with Porker's snout,
 And virtuous Lady spurning liquorish baits,
 Bold in the praise of fun-clad Chastity,
 And Youths full of wise saws and sentences,
 (The frequent lore of Eld's oft-razor'd lip)
 In mingled measure charm the eye and ear.

A Dissertation on a Hobby-horse,
 Pronounc'd by Mr. *Taplin*, crowns the scene.

Now

Now hear the story of this *Taplin's* wife,
 And the brief cause of my soliciting.
Dyer, who trod so long the various stage
 In sock or buskin, (now he treads no more,
 Save there be theatres in *Pluto's* realm)
 Her father was—the ancestors of *Tighe* *
 Cherish'd with fost'ring hand the blameless man,
 And *Tighe*, our friend to *Dyer's* only child,
 Extends his kind protection: he to me
 Has recommended her, and prays me join
 To his my intercession, that your form,
 Fairer than *Paris* lov'd, or *Xeuxis* drew,
 May grace a fide-box at her benefit.
Minchin † and *Beyd*, ‡ and many a comely nymph
 Fond to be seen, but fonder to oblige,
 Bring with you, room there is enough for all,
 Tho' your whole mother § swell the company.
 But, oh! whate'er you determine, Lady!
 Apprize me quickly, by a written note,
 Or message verbal, or a kinder call
 On me or comfort near the Castle-Hall.

April 1776.

R. J.

* Mr. Edward Tighe, a very respectable character, well known in the literary and theatrical circles of Great Britain and Ireland.

† Afterwards Mrs. V. Montgomery.

‡ Now Countess of Carhampton.

A Lady remarkable for her beauty and *emborpoint*.

BURLESQUE MILTONIC.

EXTEMPORE ANSWER TO AN INVITATION FROM THE
LATE MRS. GARDINER TO DANCE WITH HER AT
A BALL AT HER SISTER'S, THE HON. MRS. BERES-
FORD'S, IN 1778.

KIND Summoner! expect me not in vain,
With thee to lead the mazy country dance,
Where fiddles loud, with clanging dulcimore,
Tabor and pipe enliv'ning, or full tone
From furlier chord, or wire responsive struck,
Or boxen tubes uttering far sweeter breath
Than the blind minstrel's whiskey-swill'd pour in,
Inspire the twinkling feet of all who crowd
To shake thy beauteous sifter's trembling floors.
Ill suits my mood with saltant revelry;
And admonition's sage from Pæan's sons,
Deep-letter'd men, well cloak'd, full periwig'd,
Pulse-feeling me prohibit: then my vow—
(Rash vow! renew'd too oft, and violate,)
Thyself did hear it—"I no more wou'd make
" My grizzling head the minion of my heels,
" Nor bound, nor frisk, nor hop, nor rise and sink
" Mechanical, to impulse of light sounds."
Not that the honour of thy offer'd hands
Insensible I prize not, or too proud,
Reject as worthless, witness the delight

• Their

Their eloquent action,* true intérpreter
 Of mighty Shakespeare's soul so lately gave,
 When to my ears and eyes the ancient scene
 Was realiz'd—enthusiastic Tighe
 Reciting, thou impassioning the strain
 With gesture, look, and motion. So of old
 (If critics err not) on the Grecian stage,
 Or Latian, (huge capacious theatres)
 The multitudinous and distant throngs
 Receiv'd their poet's sense, one part express'd
 By joint exertion of the two-fold mime.
 Know, I am held besides by manacles
 Of long engagement to devote this night,
 Till blithe Hyperion glittering cheers the dawn,
 To other scenes than choral merriment,
 At distance many a rood from Marlborough Street.
 Then let some meeter, happier swain be bless'd
 To jig and amble vis-à-vis de vous.
 Share thou the nimble joy, if joy it be,
 With *Sam*, large headed, but well balanc'd too
 By prominence behind, or *Staples* bland,
 Or *Ned* portentous, giving import deep

* An epidemic hoarseness prevented Mrs. Gardiner from reciting the words of Lady Macbeth, at a preparatory rehearsal of the tragedy on a private stage. Mr. Tighe, with his usual alacrity, undertook to recite for her while she accompanied the words with infinite grace and variety of action.

'To "what's the clock?" or, "which way blows the
"wind?"

"Twice two count four, fire burns, and frost is cold."

Or dance with *Tighe*, for *Tighe* with thee wou'd dance
Abdominous, but not unmusical;

Or deep-mouth'd *Toler*, (loud tho' little he),

Or *Hal* of cordag'd phiz, but air of swain

Stanopian, high above the vulgar modes

Of pain and pleasure, bumpkin sympathies!

Distortive sorrow, feature-warping grin,

Ill seeming with discolour'd toothless gums,

Or fangs of ebon die, whence issue oft

(Unlike the Sharon from thy rosy mouth)

Pestilent vapours, steams to love averse:

Plum down with flagging plumes soft Cupid's drop,

As strangled birds o'er foul Amsanctus pool.

Give each or all thy hand for one short night,

But in thy breast a friendly corner keep

For him who knows thy worth, and values thee.

R. J.

I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE COTTAGE AT CASTLE-TOWN, DEDICATED
TO MICHAELMAS-DAY,

BY LADY L. A. CONOLLY.

MICHAELMAS, my favourite day!

Joy to thy returning ray!

To thy dear propitious hour,

Grateful I inscribe this bow'r;

First, on thy blest'd noon I saw,

Him whose will has been my law.

Who such law wou'd not approve,

While its bond is mutual love!

Here not pulse nor poultry fail,

Wholesome bread nor amber ale,

Water from yon plenteous stream,

Harmless curds nor cheese of cream:

You who like my cottage cheer,

Love my love, and welcome here!

All the reck'ning you need pay

Is, to hail my favourite day.

L. A. CONOLLY.

P R O L O G U E,

As it might have been spoken at the Representation of

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

BY THE D. OF R.

WRITTEN BY JOHN KENT, ESQUIRE.

WHEN Beauty brings her whole *artill'ry* here,
I sink into a *vanquish'd* engineer.

In vain my heart each *battery* employs,
Whilst, surer than the *ball*, her glance destroys;
No more the silenc'd *fort* a fire supplies,
But, conquer'd, yields to *cannonades* of eyes!

'Gainst blooming Damer's* elegance of mien,
My *stores* of *ordnance* yield not one *fascine*;
My *garrisons* would, certainly, submit,
Attack'd by Campbell's† smiles, and Bruce's‡ wit.
Presumptuous! to suppose that Hobart's§ form
Invincible as charming, could not *form*
The *planted bastion*! What *She* supplies,
Circumvallation's fruitless breadth defies;

* Mrs. Lovemore. † Lady Constant. ‡ Muslin.

§ Widow Bellmour.

Her *coup de main* destroys my *coup de maitre*,
 Defeats start up where'er I *reconnoitre*!
 Such *checks* must change me to a *fortress-bater*.
 On *hope* forlorn to *beat* my *march* afraid,
 When ev'ry *pass* has *flanks* of *ambuscade*;
 When each *redoubt*, each lengthen'd *enfilade*,
 Is, by her *weight* of *metal* swept abroad;
 If *Amazons* the *breast-work* * will invade,
 My darling science boasts no *gabionade*.

Without *capitulation*—let me yield,
Desert the *trenches*—take the peaceful *field*.
 Nor, when the fair *besieger's train* divine,
 At once *blows up* the *depredating* mine;
 Should I lament that ev'ry *rampart* fell,
 If hands like your's † would raise my *citadel*.

So when the Paphian Queen—less fair than you,
 'Th' unerring shaft from Cupid's quiver drew;
 Deep in her Mars' breast she plung'd the dart,
 Made ev'ry drop of warlike blood depart,
 And fill'd with love the subjugated heart.

* Putting his hand amorously upon his heart.

† Addressing himself to the female part of the audience.

S O N N E T

IN THE NEW COMEDY OF

F A L S E A P P E A R A N C E S.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL CONWAY.

I.

F A I R E S T nymph, while thus I moan,
 Blooming hope submits to love ;
 The stars are conscious of each groan,
 Heav'n-born passions from above.

II.

The pitying plains shall see my anguish,
 Bowing with a load of woe :
 Morning, noon, and night, I languish,
 All on fire, from top to toe.

III.

Through Phlegethon my limbs are wading,
 In thy torrid zone of charms ;
 Cupid aiding, love persuading ;
 Take, oh ! take me to thy arms.

INSCRIP-

I N S C R I P T I O N

*On a Temple at Castletown, the Seat of Mr. CONOLLY,
in the County of Kildare, dedicated to the CHEVALIER
LELAUNE, Captain of a French Frigate, by LADY
LOUISA CONOLLY.*

WHILE Bourbon to thy martial fame, Lelaune,
May raise the column, or inscribe the stone ;
To these calm seats thy gentler praise extends,
Where foes to France are to thy virtue friends.
Here pleas'd they tell when vict'ry on the wave
Bright Leinster captive to thy fortune gave ;
When the rude element and ruder war
Heav'd her soft breast * with many an anxious care,
How the fierce Gauls when thy fair deeds they saw,
Turn'd wild desire to reverential awe ;
Confess'd the wonder of her matchless charms,
And conquer'd more by courtesy than arms ;
This all admirè, but most a sister's love,
Studious to honour what her thoughts approve,
Oft owns the gen'rous victor of the sea,
And gives this shrine to gratitude and thee.

R. JEPHSON.

* The Duchefs Dowager of Leinster, in the last war with America and France, had four sons in actual service with his Majesty's forces.

LINES ON THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

BATHING IN THE SEA AT WEYMOUTH.

July 4, 1789.

IF, hoary OCEAN, from thy furlges spring.
A beauteous form, with ev'ry radiance hung,
When VENUS rose to fight ;
Sure charms as exquisite as those you gave,
Are circl'd—when ELIZA in thy wave
To bathe her limbs delight !

S T A N Z A S,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

ASK'ST thou, “ how long my love shall stay,
“ When all that's new is past ? ”
How long ? ah, DELIA ! can I say
How long my life will last ?
Dry be that tear—be hush'd that sigh ;
At least, I'll love thee till I die.

II.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of DAMON's death ?
That he who only lives for you,
Must yield his faithful breath.
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here !

DELIA.

DELIA TO DAMON.

IN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE STANZAS.

THINK'ST thou, my Damon, I'd forego
 This tender luxury of woe,
 Which better than the tongue imparts,
 The feelings of impassion'd hearts ;
 Blest, if my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

Can true affection cease to fear ?
 Poor is the joy not worth a tear !
 Did passion ever know content ?
 How weak the rapture words can paint !
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

The Cyprian bird with plaintive moan,
 Thus makes her faithful passion known ;
 So Zeph'rus' breathes on Flora's bow'rs,
 And charms with sighs the queen of flow'rs !
 Then let my sighs and tears but prove
 The winds and waves that waft to love.

P I T A P H

UPON GEORGE LORD BROOK, SON OF THE EARL OF
WARWICK, AGED 14 YEARS, DIED MAY 1, 1786.

FAREWELL, dear youth ! 'for ever torn away,
'Midst the fair hopes which birth and fortune gave,
With aching hearts thy last sad rites we pay,
And drop the tears of pity o'er thy grave.

Farewell, dear youth ! yet memory long shall trace
Each early virtue dawning in thy mind,
Thy gentle manners, unaffected grace,
Vivacity with sense and sweetness join'd.

Blooming in health and beauty, as of late,
Oft shall thy form to Fancy's eye appear ;
And whilst Affection mourns thy early fate,
Thus from thy tomb thy voice shall Reason hear.

“ Enough, dear friends !—Your partial tears restrain,
“ Nor vainly murmur against Heav'n's decree ;
“ To rescue me from future cares and pain,
“ From pleasure's snares, from vice and misery,
“ God in his mercy kindly snatch'd me hence,
“ And took me to himself in youth and innocence.”

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND'S VERSES,

ON HIS NIECE, MISS GARDINER.

AS late Florinda on her death-bed lay,
 And felt, compos'd, each vital pow'r decay;
 No longer science could her bloom sustain,
 And kindred tears* in show'rs fell in vain:
 The sun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,
 And panting breath announc'd her end was nigh;
 She turn'd and, smiling, asked "When shall I die?"
 In realms above my long-mourn'd mother join'd?—
 See, see her arms stretch'd out to meet with mine!
 Adieu, pure soul! with rapture take thy flight,
 Quit thy dark mansion for eternal light!
 For bliss eternal! whilst at Heaven's gate
 Thy sister angels thy arrival wait,
 Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breast,
 For Heav'n has heard, and granted thy request.

*On the BENEFIT said to be already received by HIS
 MAJESTY from Sea Bathing.*

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

O Sovereign of an Isle renown'd
 For undisputed sway,
 Whenever o'er yon gulph profound
 Her navies wing their way!

* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are those of the Marchioness Townshend.—This is the incident painted by Mrs. Cowway.

With juster claim she builds at length
 Her glory on the sea,
 And well may boast the wave her strength,
 Since they have strengthen'd thee.

S O N N E T

In the New Comedy of FALSE APPEARANCES.

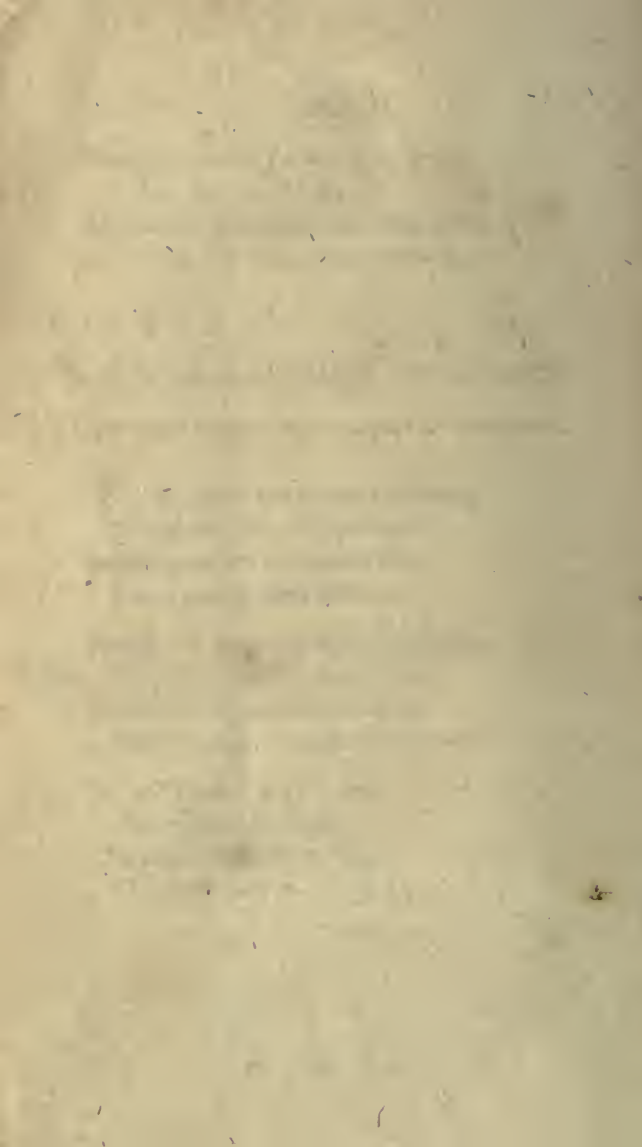
BY THE RIGHT HON. GENERAL CONWAY.

WONDER not if thus I'm mute,
 Nor think it is a vain pretence:
 Babbling mirth with *joy* may suit,
 But to *grief* it gives offence.

Spring, th' enraptur'd plain adorning,
 Wakes the jocund voice of love,
 With the wint'ry blasts returning,
 Silence reigns throughout the grove.

Joy and Damon are but one,
 All is grief if he depart,
 'Tis the absence of the sun,
 'Tis the winter of the heart!







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